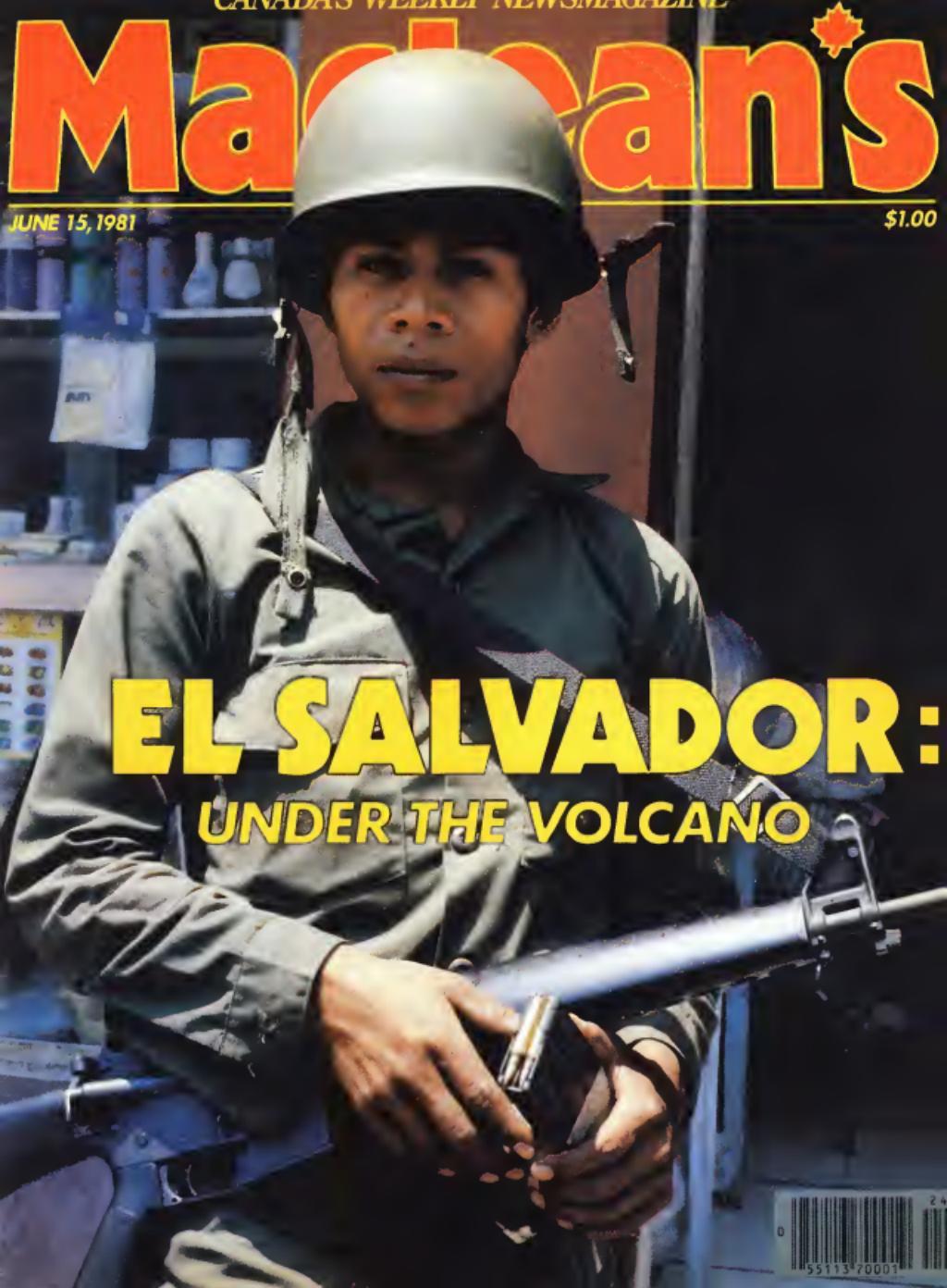


CANADAS WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JUNE 15, 1981

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EL SALVADOR: UNDER THE VOLCANO

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Maclean's

COVER STORY

Under the volcano

Black morning, when curfew is lifted in war-torn El Salvador, another 70 bodies are added to the death count. It's a classic poor-against-the-rich and war where the soldiers carry U.S.-made M-16 rifles and other weaponry. With Savim air force transports in neighbouring Nicaragua, tensions are escalating throughout Central America. As senior writer Val Ross reports, the volume is at last beginning to bubble. —Peter J. Smith

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Published by, Turnaround
Books works
A Madison Winter publication.

Don Kelly

Bar Bells
Canada's famed contralto, Marlene Forrester, makes her night-club debut. —Page 40

A group of people, likely a jury, seated in a courtroom setting.

Methodology for this paper

Nettuno in the cage

the torch. —Page 12



Mitterrand et

John Muir defends himself against a newspaper's charges of insider stock trading. — Page 20

As the election campaign continues, Trevor's left wing appears poised to win. — Page 26



A case of lost species

Canada's famed contralto, Marlene Forrester, makes her night-club debut. — Page 40
Science is casting new light on the old riddle of the dinosaurs' extinction. — Page 52

Which bag would you prefer?



Early in April, the Reagan Administration announced plans to relax regulations covering passive restraint systems to help the U.S. Auto Industry. Included, is a delay in the requirement for installation of air bags in all cars.

In Allstate's book, this is a perfectly understandable decision for the Executive Branch of the U.S. Government have taken.

Except for one slightly disturbing note.

The American decision will inevitably affect Canadians, because under the Canada-U.S. Auto Pact, most of our cars are designed in the U.S.A.

Why should Canadians worry about this?

After all, every car sold in Canada already has seat belts, and few provinces have even gone to the trouble of passing mandatory "tuck-in" laws.

And everybody knows that, even though nothing is perfect, seat belts provide reasonably good protection on the road.

In spite of these comforting thoughts, we think Canadians should worry.

Because seat belts by definition suffer from a potentially fatal flaw:

Human nature.

Unless the people in the car actually perform the voluntary act of doing up their seat belts, they end up with no protection at all.

And we all know about human nature when it comes to voluntary acts, even if they are life savers.

A typical example is drunk driving. Why don't people perform the voluntary act of not driving when they're under the influence?

When you consider that impaired driving is about as dangerous as Russian roulette, that particular voluntary act could be a real life saver.

It's the same with seat belts. By performing the voluntary act of buckling up, car occupants could help save their lives by the thousands.

(Not to mention the millions of dollars in hospital and highway emergency costs that are borne by us all.)

The sad truth is that even a province with strong "tuck-in" laws, supported by advertising campaigns, seat belt use is actually dipping. (Example: in a recent B.C. survey, seat belt use was found to have slipped from 63% to 54% in just six months. Other provincial surveys could be worse.)

Without even counting the people who are excluded from using seat belts such as Police, emergency vehicle drivers and individuals with certain medical problems, this leaves a lot of Canadians dangerously unprepared. If only it weren't for human nature!

Without even counting the people



equipped with air bags 900 lives and 6,500 injuries* could be saved in the next twelve months.

And because air bags could save some of the millions of dollars that insurance companies have to pay out now for deaths and injury claims, car insurance costs could better be brought under control.

Allstate understands the problems now being faced by the North American automobile industry.

We appreciate that losses of more than 4 billion dollars in 1982 can make car manufacturers somewhat reluctant to support air bag legislation that could add to the sticker price of their cars.

But Allstate also knows that because the technology exists, making air bags on all cars at the factory would cost about the same as a vinyl roof or an AM/FM radio.

The choice is simple. A moderate investment in air bags to help save lives. Or another kind of bag.

Which would you prefer?



If you have an opinion on this issue, or if you'd like to know more air bag information, we'd like to hear from you. Please write:

Customer Information Group, Allstate Insurance Companies of Canada, 295 Consumers Road, Mississauga, Ontario L5J 1R4

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Do we have to stay on this merry-go-round?

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Because of this fundamental advantage over seat belts, and their protective capability proven by more than 750 million kilometres of actual highway driving experience, we estimate that if every car in Canada was

EDITORIAL

Dame Barbara's distant early warnings on Spaceship Earth

By Peter G. Newman

She died almost without notice last week, yet her books, articles, appeals and sermons had influenced the modern age. Baroness Jackson of Lodsworth, 67, better known as Barbara Ward, was one of the first seminal thinkers who made us all reconsider the notions of equality, justice and conservation. Adviser to popes and presidents, she spent most of her life outside structured organizations, preferring independent studies and commissions to get her message across.

Obsessed with the inequalities that flow from the fact that one-fifth of the world's population controls nearly three-quarters of its income, Dame Barbara's outrage could be biting. "Some people think they can act as if they were in a lifeboat and those in the water should be left to their own fate," she would posit in perfectly modulated tones with a British accent reminiscent of the Queen. "What we have to recognize is that people are going to want a minimum standard of human dignity, rights and decency." Natalie Venet Freymann, the last Canadian journalist to interview her, described Barbara Ward in *City Woman* as resembling "a cross between a soccer coach and a ballerina—a mellowing Miss Jean Brode still in her prime." She was preoccupied with the embalming of urban growth

around the globe, pointing out that by 1985 there would be 278 cities with populations of more than a million and 17 of more than 10 million.

She was never proselytized by ideology and attacked the East as vigorously as the West for not living up to its moral obligations. "Why does Mr. Brezhnev have 10 cars?" she would ask.

I interviewed Dame Barbara during one Canadian visit and found her to be a crackling evangelist with profound yet mischievous religious convictions. We had somehow strayed into religion and, even though she was already suffering from cancer at the time, she burst into a spontaneous giggle. "It's such fun!" she explained. "You've only got to do a pilgrimage anywhere, from Spain to India, to realize it's much more fun than the package tour to Majorca."

Near the end of our interview we got talking about the oil spills then in the news, and I reminded her of an evocative fragment from John Keats in which he describes "the moving waters at their prettiest task of pure ablation round earth's human shores." She lit up. "Exactly," she said, "what's happened is that the planet is beginning to say 'Don't abuse me. I'm not unfeeling, I'm fragile. I must be cared for. I must be loved.'

Instead of swearing, we should heed her loving warning about planet Earth and its temperate travellers.

June 15, 1983

Maclean's

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John G. Newman

Book Reviews

Common foe

The time has come when Canadians must realize that we are all in one (Answers From the North, Cover, June 12). We send millions of dollars to other countries while our own doctors retire before our eyes. It is sad that little children die of diseases that shouldn't exist in this country. Every human being has a right to a span of his own. Surely there is enough room in this great country of ours for every one of us to live and grow. If the northern Indians think the government is in their opponent, then everyone in this country thinks the same. At least we have one thing in common.

—WENDE SWANSON,
Saskia, Ont.

The long tail of the law?

The law of Alberta is in an, you seem to say (Death Comes at Barrie's Pines, Canada, June 1), because a statute sets the value of a life rather than judges and juries. It is, however, less science than the Alberta statute it replaced, under which courts found themselves obliged to make arbitrary awards of money to dead people. By year standard it would be less science than the law of the provinces which do not provide any award at all. At least the Alberta statute recognizes that it is the living to whom money has significance.

—W.H. HEDLUND,
Director, The Institute
of Law Research and Reform,
Edmonton



Bye-bye! Our own future selfs

Railway philanthropy

Alain Borthier's criticism of Canadian Pacific for its failure to provide philanthropic contributions to Canada in ill-founded (Gotham's CP, Cover, June 1). Andrew Carnegie set up the libraries and Henry Ford II created the Ford Foundation but they did it with their own money. True, that money came from their businesses, but the gifts were personal. It is typically the wealthy industrial rather than the corporations who supports the arts, museums and galleries. Of course, whether that justifies a system that permits the amassing of great personal wealth is another matter.

—EDWARD D. WALTERS,
Fredericton, N.B.

PASSAGES

DEATH: Bob Brooks, 43, former coach of the gold-medal winning U.S. Olympic hockey team, by the New York Rangers of the NHL, who has not won a Stanley Cup in 43 years and former Los Angeles Kings coach, Bob Berry, 21, of Verdun, Que., by the Montreal Canadiens to replace Claude Ruel, who resigned after the Habs lost out in the first round of the 1980-81 playoffs.

DEED: Barbara Ward, 87, British economist and author (see Editorial, page 30).

NOMINATES: as U.S. ambassador to Canada, Paul Robinson, 58, a wealthy Chicago financier. It would be a new career for the man who was Illinois finance chairman for Ronald Reagan's

presidential campaign last year. The long-awaited appointment fills the post left vacant in January when Kenneth Cuccinelli, a Democrat, resigned.

DEED: Carl Vinson, 87, the longest-serving member of the U.S. House of Representatives, in Milledgeville, Ga. First elected to the House in 1914, he served as a member for 50 years. Vinson was the longest chairman of the House naval affairs committee and was responsible for building up the navy before the Second World War.

SENTENCED: Barry Ackerman, 38, of Calgary, Alta., to life imprisonment by a Thai court which found him guilty of possessing about 250 grams of heroin for trafficking. Ackerman's lawyers say he was convicted on circumstantial evidence and are planning to appeal.

The Goddard CPR and the people of Canada should be reminded that the Goddard CPR was given an enormous tax-free pension reserve, had, to ensure that the Goddard CPR would hold in perpetuity a constantly appreciating asset to pay the cost of transporting grain to market. This gigantic corporation needs to be told daily that if the Goddard CPR wants to abandon the Cen-sure, the Goddard CPR should return to the people of Canada the land, just for starters.

—W.G. SCOTT
Regina

Hard-baked truth

Your review of the new George Orwell biography (Some Writers Are More Equal Than Others, Books, May 18) accused him of "Fraud." Albert Camus, I realize, I'm mainly an illiterate, unimploded Yankee, but I thought Camus failed from the hard-baked Algeria that he so magnificently captured in his novels.

—ROBERT J. FOWLER JR.,
Prince George, B.C.

The long and winding road

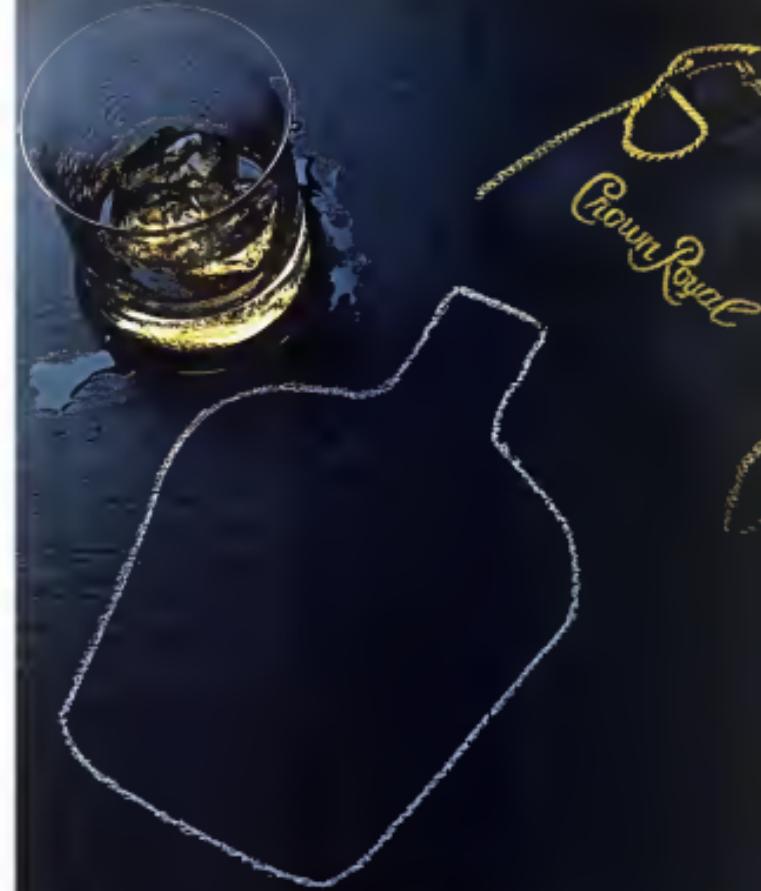
Surely the profile on Lemmy Bena (Return From a Season in Hell, Profile, June 1) has to be the greatest example of cheap sensationalism written in a long time. Did anyone stop to consider the effect this might have on Lemmy (and his family)? Certainly he has had problems, but so those of us in the business it's his music that counts. It's a pity that you didn't concentrate more on explaining Lemmy's fantastic accomplishments on guitar.

—ROB COOKSON,
Jahrgang, Ont.

SENTENCED: James Earl Ray, 53, the convicted killer of Martin Luther King Jr., allegedly by fellow inmates at the Brooks Mountain state prison, Tenn., while serving a 99-year sentence for the 1968 King murder. Twenty-two wounds were inflicted with a knife made from a metal pipe and brace.

ELECTED: Roy Lee Williams, president by affirmation of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, the largest union in the U.S., for a five-year term, despite his indictment on charges of trying to bribe a U.S. senator.

DISMISSED: Barn Laskin, 68, chief justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, with an honorary doctorate of civil law by New York University last week. The citation called Laskin the "modestly brilliant architect of Canada's constitution" and "a legal giant."



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Nobody's got it like Pontiac

Advice au Bourguignon

Ever since the election of François Mitterrand as president of France (Newspaper of the Troubled Regime in *Eastern*, World, May 22) the media has been full of tales of doom and gloom at the Paris stock exchange and pictures of poor, depressed businesses. There is only one solution to their heart-wrenching plight: let them out emerge! — *BRUCE BIDS*, Edgewater

A blast from nuclear families

And the confusion engendered by both conservative and liberal cultural values, many people are prepared to devote themselves to developing personal relationships that might give some meaning to their lives. It is especially galling when then *Mitterrand* writes a page in the shallow lines of *Gale Garnett* (*Near to Better, but for Worse*, *Postscript*, May 20). If Garnett wishes to wallow in self-pity, that is her business, but most of us are probably tired of hearing about such sympathetic bifurcations. It would better serve to provide the space to help the many who are trying to make a relationship work through the children, with the notion of one who can't appreciate the values of tolerance and understanding. — *LARRY STROTH*, Vancouver



François Mitterrand: only one solution to their heart-wrenching plight

"Laugh in the sunshine, laugh every day and... be on her way." How does she make it through New York and Toronto without...? — *BARBARA MELTZER*, Toronto

Does Gale Garnett really believe what she writes? If so, it only identifies her with the Ms generation and demonstrates her ignorance of what the maternal commitment is all about. Those of us who have raised legitimate children in ourertilizing parental way, and whose children do us the honor of looking upon their family as an island of stability in a turbulent society, expect her big phony apology as cheap sentimentalism. — *JOHN MANGER*, Victoria, B.C.

Terror of all shades

Peter Newman's elaboration on "elements of lawlessness that have even penetrated the top levels of some Third World governments" (*Off Track: How Dismal is Our Name* in *Letter*, Editorial, May 28) seem disappointingly lauding in this disregard for the complexities of international terrorism. It is true that the international community did not particularly chastise or censure Col. Khadafy. However, his "legalized" terrorism, committed by dictators of all shades around the world on their own citizens, has chastised and "outlawed" some readers would argue a more sophisticated way of analysing complex international matters. — *DOROTHIA VICKERY*, Toronto

Caption and the IRA

Shame on you. Being a subscriber for longer than I care to remember, I was very disappointed that on the May 18 issue you chose to give second billing to the patriotic annual (*The Sprint* of *Scientific American*, Canada, May 18), which affects the lives of all Canadians, and

"You're relaxed the moment you step off the plane."

—A visitor

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The press isn't quite free

We never know precisely who is going to own us—or our mortgages—next

By Robert Lewis

Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one." Since the great American journalist A.J. Liebling posed his verdict on newspaper take-overs for *The New Yorker* in 1960, concentration of ownership in the hands of a powerful few—with their own ears and wallets to grid—has accelerated like a locomotive racing over Cape Codswallop. Twenty years ago in Canada, independent publishers controlled three-quarters of the readers in English Canada and a vast tenth in French-speaking Quebec. With the demise of competition, the newspaper has become just another profit centre for conglomerates.

The dismal agony in writing about all of this is that so few of us in the trade are untouched by the squeeze. Our conflicts of interest are as thick as trees in the forest. When I started as a cub reporter with The Montreal Star in 1961, it was independently owned, as was most of up the hill, *The Gazette*, *The Star*, *The Montreal Star* is gone, killed by the PP chain which, in turn, sold out to Thomson. The *debutante* is now part of Southern Inc. As far government intervention, I worked for Thomson until a year before it closed its Canadian edition in response to a bill that encouraged the convergence of MacLean's magazines from a monthly to a weekly. All of which is to warn that, while we try not to tread softly, we never know precisely who is going to own us—or our mortgages—next. Veteran Southeast columnist Charles Lynch best sums up the uneasy tenor of our trade when he writes, "You don't feel inclined to stick your neck out and antagonize the remaining owners."

One thing that can be said with a certain degree of confidence is that Tom Kent's Royal Commission on Newspapers, facing the looming execution of its July 1 deadline, should concentrate on ways to get journalists back in control of journalism. It's a daunting, probably impossible assignment, made so easier by the Trudeau government's decision to ignore Senator Keith Davey's call for a press ownership review board 10 years ago. The foams from Bay Street have long since raised the sun house. Given their disinclination to start papers, there are few left to buy.

Kent and fellow commissioners Berlitz Spence and Laurent Paquet have been urged to recommend domestication by the chancery. But for what? So that a Brazen or the Beacons can grab a seat from Thomson or Southern? Why not, then, go all the way and eliminate the bar to foreign ownership of newspapers? Ward Arthur Odie Sabiston of *The New York Times* or Katharine Graham of *The Washington Post* is by any less committed to editorial excellence than publishers behind the scenes of the Toronto



Star or Jean-Louis Bay of *Le Devoir*?

To be sure, the Kent commissioners in their report next month should insist that no chain shall own more than one daily—and no radio or television outlet—in the same marketplace. Further, they should reiterate Davey's call for an ownership review board and insist that companies, having given sufficient notice of mergers or changes, state their case in public. That way, citizens could judge whether merger schemes set in the public interest, and prospective purchasers could step forward before the presses are started one door with the finished staff. The rationale for special measures is simple: newspapers are special. They set the agenda for public debate, to say nothing of the story line for *The World at Night*, and serve as one extra din for freedom of speech.

The Kent commissioners should forthrightly reject the proposal for a print version of the CRTC, faulted by taxpayers. The state has no place in the newsrooms of the nation. The notion lurking around commissioners' bureaux that local panels of citizens should be established to approve the appointment of newspaper bosses is a conundrum in itself. Ease a nation with a natural governing party in Ottawa and twisting regional levers won't its press ascend to power (such as the Board of Trade)?

Kent might consider using the tax system to encourage independence and concentration in the unconsolidated. Big chains and firms with assets above a fixed amount, for example, could be learned from deducting loans used in newspaper take-overs. Similarly, individuals or groups of modest means might qualify for federal bridge financing to launch or acquire a paper. If the taxpayers can but it out, why not *The Winnipeg Tribune*?

The most important reforms, however, will have to come from the trade itself. Newspapers, even other publications, ought to sign up as voluntary members of new provincial press councils, totally independent of government. Newspapers should publish annual statements of editorial goals and reveal how many they spend gathering the news as a percentage of revenue. The press council—mag, a butcher, a baker, a mover-and-shaker—could exact the chains against performance and adjudicate complaints from the public. Conglomerates also should publish quarterly statements of ownership and interests over and above the news paper. The press of Canada, in sum, should be open about its ways—with the same passion it brings to discerning truth about others. As another legendary American journalist, Heywood Broun, once observed: "I wouldn't weep about a shot factory or a branch-line railroad shutting down. But the newspapers are different." In fact, they are an endangered species and it's time to give them special care.

Robert Lewis is Maclean's Ottawa bureau chief



Campari and soda. Campari and orange juice. Whichever way you first try it, Campari may taste a little bit bitter. But the second time, the bitter becomes a little bit better. In short, the way to discover Campari is little by little.

Life after 'Fort Apache, the Bronx'



Block after block of rubble (above); the LoSchlierens' powerful negative image.

By Rita Christopher

German visitors now take graded tours of the area, amazed still that the destruction the United States has wrought in one of its own cities in peacetime equals the wartime bombings of Dresden. And last summer, delegates to the Democratic National Convention toured the burned-out blocks so they could return to the small towns of the South and the Midwest with the moribund chart that had seen the violent streets, if only behind the closure of a sightseeing coach.

Ever since former president Jimmy Carter stood in the rubble of Charlotte Street four years ago, the South Bronx has become a pre-empted international symbol of urban devastation. Moreover, when mass media hype rendered a household word, Hollywood has now immortalized in *'Fort Apache, the Bronx'*, a violent testament to life in New York City's 41st police precinct.

The only trouble is that *'Fort Apache'* is at least five years out of date, as are most of the perceptions of the decline and fall of civilization in the Bronx, one of the few boroughs that make up New York City. Things are as quiet at *'Fort Apache'* these days that the officers of the 41st have taken to



Things are so quiet at *'Fort Apache'* these days that the officers of the 41st call their station house "the little house on the Prairie."

calling their station house "the little house on the Prairie," a tacit acknowledgment not only of a 65-per-cent drop in the crime rate, but also of the acres of deserted, broken structures that ring the station house, making a sparse life an outpost on a deserted plain.

"The kind of image of a fire-swept South Bronx that you get in *'Fort Apache'* really belongs to the late '80s and early '90s, during a period of great general social upheaval and civil rights demonstrations and Vietnam War protests," says Bob Williams, an aide to Bronx Borough President Stanley Steinbach. "People didn't travel to see what is in the South Bronx today. Add in rent strikes where rents in the Bronx go back to the small candy store his father owned. 'What a cheap shot that movie was. Chicago and Detroit have much worse sections than the South Bronx, but you don't see anyone making movies about them, do you?'

Even if erasure arson is no longer a critical problem for the South Bronx, the powerful negative image those days created must certainly be. "When I say I live in the Bronx, the first thing people do is groan and ask me whether my street is burned out," says Linda Lofshansky who, with her husband, Jim, bought a house in the Bedford Park section of the Bronx 4½ years ago.

"People come up here expecting to see the entire borough in ruins, as though the South Bronx were the whole Bronx," complained Iringard Laksman of the Bronx County Historical Society. "We are trying to turn that image around." The group's efforts include beating the drum for such well-known attractions as the Bronx Zoo and the New York Botanical Garden, as well as organizing walking tours of lesser-known landmarks such as the Van Cortlandt Mansion, where both British and American forces made headquarters at different times during the Revolutionary War of 1776.

Still, beyond its historical monuments and its parks (which cover a full 45 per cent of its area) the Bronx is a hodgepodge of neighborhoods, where loyalty to "the block" and to ethnic identity have stubbornly resisted the centrifugal forces of globalization. In the towns of Co-op City, a middle-income housing development rising almost simultaneously on the landfill at the edge of Pelham Bay, and the tightly knit Indian community that surrounds Arthur Avenue, to Greenwichville suburbs Bronxville, Bronxites hubristically



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answer questions about where they live with the name of their particular enclave rather than the Bronx.

Affluent Bronxites, to be sure, retain a decidedly stand-offish attitude toward the rest of the Bronx. Committees in upper Madison Avenue social circles graft-walled subways to ride to Manhattan on the Carroll connector line along with their spiritual peers from Scarsdale and Greenwich. "It's always tell people I live in Bronxville," says lawyer-turned-writer John J. O'Brien, the author of *Play It Again, Bronx*. "I never even knew it was part of the Bronx until I took my bar exam." O'Brien's confusion is understandable. He lives in the gated community of a 50-acre estate that looks like suburban Connecticut, a reminder of the time at the turn of the century when affluent city dwellers bought country houses in remote, quiet sections of the Bronx.

Local pride persists as stubbornly as neighborhood identity, albeit a bit on the defensive after the tidal waves of negative publicity. "I've been living in the Bronx for 30 years, raised five children here now. Rosedale Parkway, and nobody can tell me this was not a good place to bring them up," says Frances Lomax.

Still, for all the brassy wealth, no one would confuse the Bronx's main shopping area along Fordham Road, with its cut-rate shops and discount banners in English and Spanish, with Beverly Hills' Rodeo Drive. And the borough's ancient housing stock is now both decrepit and depressing. Recently released U.S. census statistics show the Bronx has more welfare units in the past decade than any other county in the nation's hierarchy. With a minority population estimated at between 60 and 70 per cent, many of whom lack basic education and technical skills, the Bronx suffers chronic problems of high unemployment along with the deinstitutionalization, family disruption and delinquency that plagues every city. A palpable air of helplessness hangs over many of the borough's poverty-stricken neighborhoods, where life very often seems reduced to a grim struggle just to survive.

The social decline mirrors the Bronx's political decline. Once Bronx politicians were powerful figures on the national political scene, when county leader Ed Flynn was a Housewary czar and chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Today, local politicians have to fight even to get their voices heard at city hall. "We aren't given half a chance in this city," complains Jean Popa, secretary to former Bronx Borough president Herman Badillo. Congressman Robert Garcia, who represents the South Bronx, laments: "The Bronx doesn't have anything like the

national about it. Not in Ed Flynn's days."

Despite its obvious problems, Green, along with many other Bronx residents, sees better times coming. Although Jimmy Carter's grandiose plans to build a large subsidized housing complex on Charlotte Street were ultimately vetoed as unrealistic by New York City officials, Borough President Bresan points with pride to the 18,000 new housing

South Bronx residents (below), Cuban family (bottom), Bronxwide parcels



units constructed in the past two years. Real estate developers have begun renovation of once-prized areas such as the Grand Concourse, a wide boulevard bordered by apartments noted for their elaborate Art Deco facades. "I know a lot of people who give up in the Bronx who think that if the area is rebuilt they want to come back," says lawyer Marlene Ostroff, a South Bronx native

who chose to remain in the borough. In fact, with skyrocketing interest rates and even higher energy costs, a renovated Bronxhouse in the Bronx may well become a more realistic dream for some couples than the traditional suburban split-level. "One of the advantages of living in an older neighborhood like the Bronx is the savings you have," says urban homesteader Jim Loehlman. "We have great transportation—both buses and subways—and all the other little things you need: drycleaners, laundromats, shoe repair shops. In some of these newer areas you can find cute little shops that sell quiche and salad, but if you want to have your shoes fixed, forget it—you have to go to New Jersey."

At least Bronx dwellers won't have to go far for a taste of highbrow entertainment. While the cultural squalor of the streets is down during 24 hours a day from a shoulder-strap kinda, residents will be able to find less noisy fare at the new \$4-million art complex at Lehman College, a part of the City University of New York. The centre promises performances of Broadway shows and appearances by major symphony orchestras and theater companies.

Even more than a memorable gas de-ja-vu, however, the Bronx needs enough jabs to break the cycle of poverty that has trapped many of its subsection-level residents. Congressman Garcia, a liberal Democrat, has teamed with up-state Buffalo Congressman Jack Rous, a conservative Republican with his eyes on New York's gubernatorial election next year, to propose "enterprise zones" for the South Bronx. The two congressmen believe an option is part of the political fence, and insisted in the belief that those plans, offering tax breaks and federal incentives for private businesses that would locate in the specially designated areas, holds the promise of desperately needed jobs for the South Bronx. However, the Reagan administration budget cuts endanger not only tax incentives but much federal aid for the South Bronx.

Nonetheless, as much as tax breaks and federal programs, Congressman Garcia places his bets for the future on the drive and ambition of his constituents. "You always hear about the bad," he says, "but do you hear about Mr. Terce, a bartender who has just been sent through law school and has another who wants to go to medical school? Or the South Bronx woman whose daughter is No. 1 in her class at nursing school? We can build the Bronx up again," he adds, his voice reflecting both his determination and the weariness of constantly battling the odds. "It's all achievable—or she why am I spending my days working my tail off?" □

FOLLOW-UP



Rescue support houses damaged by the quake are caught between two hills

Rebuilding in the ruins

By Theodore Lurie

Solofra, once a thriving commercial centre in the heart of Italy's troubled south, today has the bizarre aspect of a Hollywood set caught between two films. The remains of buildings ripped apart by last November's earthquake still await their final demolition, while brand new prefabricated shops and offices are springing up on plots left over from the ruins. Historic Solofra has come to resemble a bustling frontier town. Around the street front of the embattled city hall, the make-shift Mary and Victor Emmanuel映衬着 the latest fashions in female elegance. Teen-age couples carry home-made items in a used-car-park prefabricated. A few kilometers to the west, the small leatherware factories that were the town's main source of prosperity have recovered production in skinned profits, and business is almost back to normal.

Gitanza, however, are impatient for something more permanent. "People are working again, but there is no sign of reconstruction yet," says Luigi Pellegrino, a 63-year-old leatherman who now operates out of a wood-panelled tent. "We have faith in our own strength, but not

in our politicians," he said. "While we wait, the state sleeps."

The basic needs of food, clothing and shelter have been met, thanks largely to private efforts—donations from northern Italian cities, and organizations and foreign countries. But officials insist now confronts the tougher challenge of reconstruction. Italy plans to spend \$8.5 million on reconstruction over the next three years. But it took parliament six months to pass through an emergency decree allocating these funds. Most observers fear the government's ambitious plans will be bogged down by bureaucratic hassles, conflicting local interests and general disorganization. After much indecision, Castiglioni's National Committee for Aid and Reconstruction agreed last month to use the \$8.5 million collected from private and government donations to build a home for the aged, several school gymnasium buildings, and \$4.6-million in housing projects.

Housing is still an urgent concern. Six months have passed since February's deadliest earthquake in 55 years killed 12,500 people, mostly in the regions of Campania and Basilicata, and left 3,000



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Prefabricated houses and laundry in Pescos Pagana, an uprooted and sparsely-cultivated town



dead and another 300,000 homeless. After a bitterly cold and snowy winter passed in tents and trailers, many survivors are now waiting for the temporary prefabricated houses promised by the government.

Although the government allocated \$1.2 billion for emergency relief and heating, it had no funds to build houses fast enough. Some 100,000 houses are now housed in trailers and metal containers. Another 22,000 have moved into seismic hotels at government expense, and an estimated 50,000 survivors have joined relatives abroad or in northern Italian cities. But many of these quake refugees have begun to return to their villages, and by the beginning of summer the hotel occupants will be packed out by tourists. This has made the provision of adequate heating and sanitary facilities imperative. "The winter was very hard, but at least there were no epidemics. Now we're worried that the warm weather will bring new health problems," said Lorenzo Rabinetti, the mayor of Pescos Pagana, a hilltop village in the province of Avellino.

We have faith in our own strength, but not in our politicians. While we wait, the state sleeps.



Empty Canadian tents in Sant'Angelo: reconstruction means nothing without work

prefabricated houses by next fall, enough to accommodate most of the town's homeless. But to render these shelters livable, authorities must install electricity, plumbing, a sewer system and telephones. "Every move has to pass through a long bureaucratic process before getting approved, and this creates delays," explained Mayor Rabinetti.

Until now, Canada's main contribution, aside from the emergency relief and heating, has been to obtain funds to build enough. Some 100,000 houses are now housed in trailers and metal containers. Another 22,000 have moved into seismic hotels at government expense, and an estimated 50,000 survivors have joined relatives abroad or in northern Italian cities. But many of these quake refugees have begun to return to their villages, and by the beginning of summer the hotel occupants will be packed out by tourists. This has made the provision of adequate heating and sanitary facilities imperative. "The winter was very hard, but at least there were no epidemics. Now we're worried that the warm weather will bring new health problems," said Lorenzo Rabinetti, the mayor of Pescos Pagana, a hilltop village in the province of Avellino.

Like most of the other stricken communities, Pescos Pagana today needs little more than an extended trailer camp. The onset of warmer weather has raised local spirits, and many people seem determined to get on with their lives. Luisa Villaria, a 38-year-old mother of two small children, works part-time in a prefabricated camp that provides three free meals a day to about 100 occupants of her model trailer camp. The family's one-room quarters are cramped but spotlessly clean, as are the public shower and toilet facilities (five each for men and women) at the far end of the camp. "It's not like having your own house, but at least we have the basic conveniences," said Villaria, who nonetheless dreads the prospect of spending another winter in a trailer.

Pescos Pagana has been promised 440

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government) into action. But according to one high-ranking relief official, the most crucial task is to assure the area's economic survival, and this could entail some rethinking. "Reconstruction will mean nothing if we don't bring work to the area as well," he said.

The giant task of rebuilding will be complicated by the need to tackle stubborn economic and social ills. Italy's south has an unemployment rate double that of the north. Despite years of government programs aimed at boosting the local economy, per capita income remains among half the nation's average. Some optimists believe that reconstruction will offer a golden opportunity to reverse the neglected south, but most observers are sceptical. The earthquake caused billions of dollars in damage to floundering industry and worsened the problems of an already unpredictable agriculture. "Now there's demolition and repair work to do, but once this is done what job will I find here?" asked 16-year-old Cesare Giapponi, who plans to leave Pescara Paganica for a job in the north. "I'd like to stay in my town, but I have no faith that things will get better."

Official efforts to install temporary housing have angered tales of profiteering. Some officials have complained privately that local building contractors, many of which allegedly are controlled by the camorra (the Neapolitan mafia), are asking double their normal rates for construction in the quakehit towns.

The Red Brigades sought to exploit local tensions in April with their kidnap of Gino Cirillo, the Christian Democracy politician in charge of handling reconstruction contracts. The kidnappers have demanded the requisition of arrested houses for quake victims, and greater unemployment benefits for the thousands of Neapolitan jobless. So far the demands have failed in their bid for public support, though some observers believe their threats could undermine government plans.

Certainly the past record is unimpressive. More than 12 years after a massive earthquake struck the Sicilian village of Belice, 35,000 victims still live in wool and tin shacks. The northern Italy region has done better since its 1976 earthquake, but reconstruction is still only half completed.

In Campania and Basilicata, survivors worry that their plight will soon be forgotten. One disconcerting sign is that the local highway authority recently put up new green and white road markers that direct motorists to the earthquake zone. "The worst risk," commented one local mayor, "is that we will remain a permanent disaster area—a new Pompeii for tourists to visit."

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Notching dates faster than one arm's worth of the future," says Robert Hughes, author-author of the TV series *The Shock of the New*. If you remember the 1960s vision of neon-lit highways and Middle-length ears, you may agree that the future is here, and it's the pits. For the suburban commuter in particular, shock may not be so much in the travel-related automobile as in the agony of paying for transportation to and from work in Toronto. From Newmarket, for instance, it costs an average of \$175 a month in gas and car maintenance, from Pickering, about \$90.

In an effort to help employees make riding commuting easier, more and more large companies in Ontario—triple the number in 1980 over 1979—are sponsoring van pools to transport their employees to work conveniently and cheaply. Result: the suburbanite might pay a vanpool fare of about \$60 a month from Newmarket, \$40 from Pickering. The idea of vanpool-sponsoring first began in 1961, Paul Milne, in 1973, when the IBM Company organized six vans for its long-distance customers. The concept mushroomed, and today there are more than 32,000 van pools operating in the U.S.

Ontario joined the vanguard more recently: Chrysler started van pooling on its own in April, 1977, and in November, 1978, the Ontario Ministry of Transportation and Communications began promoting the concept to transportation large enough—with more than 300 employees—to be able to co-ordinate a van-

pool of riders in one suburban area. Now nine companies in all, including Bell Canada, 3M Canada Inc., Inco Metals in Sudbury and Waddingtons in Mississauga, have initiated programs and eight more have signed up to begin this fall. Most companies absorb the cost of the three- or four-months' paperwork that's usually involved in starting up a program, but one the vans are running, fares cover everything.

Drivers, usually company volunteers, ride free of charge, and they have passed rigorous training and distance driving courses. And they pocket a little

profit too. Once the company decides how many passengers fares it needs to break even, the remaining fares go to the driver as an incentive to keep the van at the 11-passenger capacity.

Why such altruism toward employees? Well, for one thing, it's great for a company to be as mobile energy-conscious. By keeping eight or nine cars off the road, 20,000 litres of gas are saved per year, over the distances the vans typically travel—an average of 80 km round trip per day. With gas at about 35 cents a litre, that's \$4,800 per van, or \$45,300 for the 88 employees.

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Mark Adams, Jolley, Bill and Schreuder, in better shape for the family

sponsored van now running in the province.

Perhaps less obvious than the financial benefits is an indicated, the convenience of door-to-door transit, the guaranteed pickup and twenty-five informed punctuality are the same bonuses. "People who lived within two blocks of each other in Pickering," says

Bell's van pool administrator, Steve Tassanis, "were unaware they worked in the same building until they signed up for the van pool. Now they get together for Christmas parties, bowling parties and summer barbecues."

Some riders are happiest about the way in which van pooling enhances family relations. "You expand your

horizons to people who know what you're talking about," says Neema Schroeder, a secretary with IBM, "and by the time you get home, you're relaxed and fresh." For Bob Jolley, IBM's employee benefits administrator, it's the avoidance of highway driving in bad weather that gets him home "in better shape for the family."

Beyond the happy workers and the glowing corporate image lies another, more financially concrete benefit for sponsor companies: Keeping eight or nine cars off the road is keeping the same number of the company's parking lot "big deal?" In 1978, Bell Canada wrapped a \$55,000 parking lot expansion proposal at 180 Wyndham Drive and subsequently initiated a van pool program for commuting employees. The \$22,000 it cost Bell to administer the van pool setup looked good on the bottom line.

With the Toronto-area parking price of going up more than 20 per cent in the past year and expected to rise steadily by at least the same amount over the next three years, van pooling makes great sense as a way of stretching money. Mind you, it needn't necessarily mean self-denial. "I was so impressed with the money I saved by not having to buy a car," says methods analyst Diane Elia, who has been a driver with IBM for two years, "that I bought myself a minivan."

—KERRY DEAN

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COVER

UNDER THE VOLCANO

El Salvador has always been a bloody, frightened land; now it's about to erupt

Last week, NDP Leader Ed Broadbent returned from his 12-day tour to Central America. He had visited, despite a death-debt ban, with the leaders of Cuba, Nicaragua, Mexico, Venezuela, El Salvador and the Salvadoran rebel forces, to negotiate El Salvador's bloody civil war. In fact, tensions throughout the entire volatile region are escalating, as Macario's senior adviser Tol Rens, who has just returned from a 20-day trip to El Salvador and Nicaragua, reports.

During earlier in El Salvador—from 11 p.m. to 5 a.m., when the military shoots to kill and death squads rove the roads—there is nothing ordinary people can do but stay indoors, wait and listen. In the darkness the present government cannot or will not control, at least 30,000 people have been tortured, shot, burnt or literally hacked to death with machetes. According to the latest reports of the national human rights commission, such warping results at least 70 rape bodies. So—even on peaceful nights, when a bone-white moon spirates light across the smooth Pacific, one awaits no much from watchfulness as from heat.

Waiting for sleep to come to him and his beach house guests, a young Salvadoran listens through the bones of wood for the sounds of the gangsters. Tonight, nothing happens. His long dogs sleep, his servants clear away the dinner dishes. Nevertheless, the man keeps his 357 Magnum within reach—even as he throws the sticks of the Chinese prophecy Book of Changes, the I Ching, a pastime he picked up in his country days in the United States. No Salvadoran with anything left to live lets journalists use his real name. But the young man is real, he can't be snatched for George McGovern and took courses in revolutionary politics. Now revolution



A communist cadre sugar cane at San Pedro Poch, armed guerrillas roaming El Salvador last summer.

has come to his own country. It has divided his wealth, bankrupting family and takes his most idealistic friends into the countryside to join the guerrillas. "I can understand why," he confesses softly. "But there must be an alternative, a more civil society." The last night's silence is oppressive, hush and peace at remarkable in the darkness. As the men, gaunt, confess policy-makers throughout the world, the darkness over El Salvador seems total.

El Salvador four centuries ago a conquistador whimsically named this repressive patch of volcanic jungle "The Savior"—before massacring native inhabitants. Ever since, it has been a country where landless, illiterate half-breeds have been oppressed by a tiny, financially reactionary oligarchy. For the past 30 years of military rule, the five ruling inhabitants (average yearly income \$338) have kept silent their political restraints.

Today, violence in The Savior dwarfs that of Northern Ireland. A missionary from Victoria, B.C., who teaches English in the capital, San Salvador, says, "You get hardened to the deaths. Last weekend my seven- and 11-year-olds reported two bodies lying at the end of the block. I didn't react at all. I used to... So many of the deaths seem gratuitous, execution of other members of power, solid the hollowed shanties of La Barroca refugee camp 30 km northeast of the capital, Hasta Hernandez. Sesma shows reporters a treasured photo of her son Benjamin, who was taken away by the army last January for his "subversive" activities as a guerrilla in the village church. Up to 80 per cent of such murders have been attributed to right-wing elements in the all-powerful armed forces and to hooded, machinegun-wielding pickup trucks—self-appointed death squads which the oligarchy supports and for



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A morning round-up of bodies by the army last January in San Salvador

which the military overthrew. When Monica Gauthier, a Canadian organizing centerfisherman, was picked up by hooded men earlier this year, she was finally permitted to remove her blindfold in a National Guard station. A nervous captain told her: "We glued you up for your own protection. You should leave the country." Gauthier did.

There has always been violence in this bloody, frightened land, but now it is political, part and parcel of the class war that narrowly divides the country and threatens world peace. At present, 6,000 leftist guerrilla combatants more than half the northern provinces of Morazan, Cobanas and Chalatenango. They are dug into 20-meter deep fortifications on the slopes of the volcanoes. Right now, the rainy season is on their side, obscuring helicopter searches and the army's bombing runs. Well-armed against them—by the U.S. government which says it is fighting "soviets-equipped" terrorism—the armed forces of a shaky coalition of hard-line and return-to-the-roots农夫 with a few general mestizo demagogues patrolled on, at U.S. invitation, as invasion. North Americans often seem to forget how the country got together, for the military, to leave to save their progressive members of its own government, such as Radulio Viana, the head of the reform program, who was gunned down last January. The battalions of that amorphous government seldom stay in one posting longer than a month, one constantly sees them being transferred about the country-side. It's a poor way to run a war, but army command is terrified lest another garrison



Monica Gauthier with photograph (top) refugees in Morazan camp (left). Broadcast and armed guard leaving the presidential palace after meeting Duarts



Duarts (center) with Ehrlich (left) after his return from Venezuela last in 1979



Demonstrations outside cathedral at the funeral of a slain leftist leader last year



Kidnapped U.S. Embassy, Monica Gauthier, the divisive, seem unbreakable

defeat (to the left) as Santa Ana's did at the beginning of the year) or participate in the ultra-right military's threatened coup d'etat. Despite their unpredictable logistics, government troops are well-equipped with new M-16 rifles and field mortars and outnumber the guerrillas three to one. The civil war promises to be a long and costly struggle.

The country's divisions seem unbridgeable. Many who are not hooked in the possibilities of moderate change have been either disillusioned. Last May, a disillusioned ex-patriot, Luis Mora, a well-educated son of a letter to his countryman Dr. José Antonio Morales Barrios from his son accused him of abandoning his personal principles. The son, José Morales Carbajal, announced that he was joining the guerrillas. Captured last June, he is now held in the crushing citadel of Santa Tecla. The prison is filthy, its crudely built walls plaster splattered with red-painted slogans. Morales Carbajal's welcome visitors with a question: "If this government continues, where are all the right-wing political prisoners?" His prison mates include Héctor Recinos, leader of the country's largest group of trade unions, held for 18 months without trial. Refused access, a primary school teacher active in the teachers' union, and Francisco Quindas, a Costa Rican journalist imprisoned for making contacts with the left.

The opponents of these four as they gather round a rickety table in Santa Tecla

country's centrist political party, the Christian Democratic party, Duarts' own All things considered, perhaps the young man on the bench in right is predicting Duarts' future in consultations with the U.S. embassy.

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The opponents of these four as they gather round a rickety table in Santa Tecla

Tecla's crushed courtyard show how current repression has only hardened the opposition. Curiously, showing respects to the leaders and sons as his chest and thighs are received after a torture session with the arms, says his "revolutionary beliefs" have kept him from going mad with the pain. The journalists, Quindas, recall how peasants in the San Vicente region created the army with bare hands and rocks. Then the military, headed by Major Manuel Carpio, visited him. The Christian Democratic party, all the country saying there's more of them won't fit in the jails. They say they are opportunists, and of old American imperialism.

There have always been deep divisions in Salvadoran society, but once such revolutionary passions were as dormant as the country's green volcanoes. A decade ago the Salvadorans left committed a few aging Monseñor Íñiguez who founded with a handful of graduate students Rapid industrialization changed; that the landless campesinos of El Salvador's 16th-century agricultural economy were catapulted into the 20th century. The once reactionary Catholic Church was another catalyst. In the late 1960s, young priests, inspired by "the liberation of the oligarchs" sweeping Latin America, began to form the state, hope-filled campesinos into agricultural re-ops. They put

readers in their hands and quoted Marx from the village pulpits. Deeply alienated, the oligarchs and the military conspired to assassinate their grip on the country. The army organized death squads (a network of rural spies and death squads) and defeated three presidential elections in a row. Dr. Fidel Castrillo, rector of the national university (see box, page 28), was deprived of his faculty in 1971. After the 1972 flood, Castrillo, together with the new president-elect, José Nicanor Duarts, and his wife, the former actress, actress, Digna Urdiales, were forced to flee. In 1977, death squads assassinated they were given to kidnaps all the Jesuits in the country, more than the right has killed. In private, these U.S. nuns, the archbishops of San Salvador, and Catholic churches of people who were simply good Catholic congregants.

What brought the U.S. more sharply into this chaotic picture was an erratic neighboring Neighbors, the July, 1978, overthrow of dictator Anastasio Somoza. The shock wave rambling through Central America emboldened the left, drove the right to ever more desperate defiance and galvanized Washington. U.S. aid to El Salvador increased by 400 percent, and the order came down to construct another revolutionary reformist. A group of progressive young Salvadorans army officers got the men

to stay—so the loyalty of South Vietnamese peasants. As with other U.S. policies, the right has been responsible for violence. And even on certain occasions there has been no violence, such as Panchito, a lush dairy and coffee farm west of San Salvador, land reform beneficiaries are persecuted by the LDR's new landowners, Señor Molina, an ex-president, warns that law could not be able to repay its government loan this year without borrowing from the bank. Sustaining the existing, ailing, oligarchs from under the heel of his son, he means. "There's no material improvement in our lives so far—just more responsibility."

The left, too, bears blame for destroying the Jata's first glimmer of reform. After the 1979 coup, guerrillas sabotaged the government had to return by burning crops and killing "impeded" campesinos. Kidnapping repre-



Army on patrol in San Salvador

Child and bomb attacks still occur, regularly, each evening in the capital. Other actions in the left did dialogue last November, but leaders of the broad opposition coalition, the Frente Democratico (FDR), held a press conference in San Salvador. Suddenly armed men entered the conference and abducted the six. Their tortured bodies were found hours later. With no other option, even moderate in the FDR called for a general strike to coincide with last January's "final offensive."

Both strike and offensive appear to have failed. The Ronald Reagan administration has eagerly pointed on this as proof that the Salvadoran people do not back the FDR. In point of fact, however, the strike was sufficiently strong under the circumstances. More than 10 per cent of the labor forces walked out despite death threats and the imprisonment of their leaders. The guerrilla offensive, while not "real," did mark the first time the various factions of the left co-operated in combat. Government forces would have been exhausted by February, a month before the strike.

The voice of the revolution

Fourteen years ago, an astute, elegant political scientist, Fausto Castillo, was rector of El Salvador's national university and a candidate for his country's presidency. Twenty years later, the silver-haired academic stands alongside tea-aged guerrillas as a leading member of the anti-government Frente Democratico Revolucionario (FDR). The FDR's official head is Guillermo Ungo, a Social Democrat. But inside the Frente, where Ungo is regarded as something of a front man acceptable to the U.S. and the international liberal community, Castillo plays a key role in diplomatic and political decision-making.

Castillo's party is the Partido Revolucionario de los Trabajadores Centroamericanos (PRTC)—a party he describes as dedicated to the principles of "total struggle for Central American regional liberation" and to the goal of "proletarian rather than liberal development." He is a man with a hard line, and the very staff of which Ameri-

cold and UniverSal, US intelligence reports speak of the recent arrival of Soviet tanks in the Nicaraguan capital of Managua late last month, this reporter met 12 Russian pilots whom a source identified as air force trainers. America's cry of Russian Wolf is finally starting to come true.

can paranoia about Central America is made.

Since the 1960s when he joined the PRTC, Castillo has been an anti-Yankee maverick—but he was also a part in the academic establishment. His transformation to diplomatic-revolutionary sharply accelerated as a result of the 1981 presidential campaign. On election day, 95 of the most active supporters were in prison. In 1975, the military forced Castillo into exile and began a continuous program of harassment, break-outs and shootouts at the increasingly politicized university he once headed. The national university was finally closed down by the army in 1980 and has been stripped bare. As far as elections are concerned, Castillo will never participate in them again. According to his vision, a liberalized El Salvador should follow the lead of revolutionary Nicaragua and postpone indefinitely, perhaps "halfway education" of the population for a matter of a few months, but years.

Talking to Castillo is an adventure, at times a shooting one, as both the Reagan administration's lie that the Salvadorean and Cuban guerrillas have collaborated on kidnappings and share arms and refuge in the wild mountain border regions of their countries. Castillo explains, "We all think a common enemy like the reac-

weakening. Late in May two joints strengthen. Col Jaime Abilio Guzman and National Guard Commander Eugenio Vides Caminos went to South America seeking more arms with fewer human rights conditions.

The net effect of this war is that more than one Salvadoran in 10 is now a refugee. They huddle in embattled camps which are periodically raided by the army searching for suspected subversives. The country's once proud econ-

omy—Central America's most industrialized—is in a shambles, the region's most productive work force exodus and work in a square near the cathedral of San Salvador, a hundred unemployed and disabled around reporters is also great. "We want work—we are peasants" (the national nickname meaning "beast of burden"). An out-of-work TV station spokesman, "All El Salvador

we need rice and beans, not bullets."

Assuming that the loyalty of men like these will ultimately go to whatever political system offers them food and work, the Reagan administration has just committed a whopping \$1 billion in aid for the entire Central American region. But is an atmosphere of increasing violence and anarchy that may be many down the drain. There is no better symbol of American policy failure to bridge El Salvador's divisions than its own embassy in downtown San Salvador. The building has sustained seven rocket and machine-gun attacks in this year—by both the left and the right. Marion patrol the entrance in front of a new, three-story-high wall of fresh concrete; bandages obscure the shattered windows of upper floors. Inside, an old bullet-riddled furniture, search marks, collages show army. Yet deep within the bunker, policy-makers persist in denouncing of election, due legal procedure, murderers, economic marginalization, etc.

Castillo's recipe for his own unhappy country—post-war liberation—includes more "aggressive" agrarian reform. "Giving theopoulos private property won't solve their problems since there isn't much land," he says. "Land will have to be held communally, under strict planning."

Castillo speaks without visible emotion. The only time the stern, stoic academic lets his guard down is when he is asked what name he would like to have Canada play. He would welcome a Dr. Am. 747 filled with 18 tonnes of grain, he says. More likely, though not much more, is his hope that Canada will influence the US government against further military involvement in the civil war in El Salvador. The Frente cannot negotiate a political peace with the current government there, he says, so it must face a peace minority. "People ask me about the final offensive. All I can say is, it will come." □



Castillo during interview in Managua

have won already"—and to suffer, says liberal North American images of the anti-government struggle. This radical man, who left after a Soviet party post as an assistant rector. He is a genuine, indigenous, Central American leftist.

The links between Central American leftist governments are well documented.

Salvadorean, Guatemalan and Honduran guerrillas have collaborated on kidnappings and share arms and refuge in the wild mountain border regions of their countries, Castillo explains. "We all think a common enemy like the reac-

tion"

mit. Negotiations for Palestinian autonomy in the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip were making头 and Sadaat had said often that everything must wait until after the Israeli elections. Israeli commentators suspected that Sadaat changed his mind because of Regan's astounding recovery in the opinion polls. In any case, he had emerged as the narrow favorite over Labor leader Shimon Peres. Sadaat decided to help Regan, because "it was thought, trusting in the prime minister's gratitude in the next round of sessions, bargaining."

However, the two leaders did use the summit to discuss Israel's evacuation from the Sinai and the multinational force—possibly including Canadian—that the U.S. is assembling under the terms of the Camp David agreement to supervise the area when the process is complete in April 1982. But the most pressing issue on the agenda was clearly the continuing confrontation between Tel Aviv and Damascus over the Syrian Golan Heights in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley (see *Marianne*, May 25). To the displeasure of other Arab states, Sadaat agreed with Regan that Syria had caused the crisis, and demanded that Syrian President Hafez Assad withdraw the invaders and the more than 35,000 Syrian troops in Lebanon since 1976. For his part, Regan agreed to give the U.S. mediator, Philip Habib, who returned to resume his efforts on the weekend, "ample time without deadlines," but he regretted Sadaat's repeat to use raids into Lebanon.

While the Sinai summit was thought to have little impact on the Israeli-Syrian dispute—apart from highlighting the degree to which Sadaat and Regan are isolated in the Middle East—there were hopes that Habib, whose three weeks of shuttle diplomacy last month and greater regional tensions, might be successful in his talks with Assad this week. The news in Washington last week that Saudi Arabia, in view of considerable financial leverage as Syria could work out a formula whereby the IAF missiles would be removed as part of a general disengagement of Syrian troops in Lebanon. So far, Assad has resisted the missiles as necessary to defend those troops.

Whether Saudi Arabia has enough leverage, however, will be shown in Habib's second round of shuttle diplomacy if not, Regan has made clear that his patience is not limitless. The results, he insisted in an interview last week, must give Israel, he boasted, could remove them by force in two hours. Perhaps so, but in that event Regan would have much more than an electoral battle on his hands.

—ERIC SILVER

With files from *Les Matins* in Beirut.

U.S.A.

Overcome by the aroma of power

Reagan woos key Democrats to his tax cut campaign



Regan announces tax cut plan. From left to right: Sen. Bill Roth, Sen. Robert Dole, Vice-President George Bush and Treasury Secretary Donald Regan

By Michael Posner

A serial breed of predator and, it is said, is blessed by nature with a remarkable gift. Relishing special favors, these auto-cretes confound within the nests of other species—usually, the predators make the confound: these clowns boasting resources that pale in comparison to now-taking place in Washington, and it is a spectacle to behold. A powerful, however, arena is being created by the Reagan White House, emphasizing the shrinking Democratic enclave on Capitol Hill. Distraught and disorganized, these Democratic ants can be observed in a huddled group on Pennsylvania Avenue. One by one they file into the seated train to the Oval Office, wherever the chief executive sits—exuding his own distinctive charm—persuading his new servants to execute well. It is all amazingly efficient. By the time these Democrats return to their belated habitats, they have undergone complete transformation and become unapologetic defenders of the president's cause.

As in the recent budget debate, the administration's converts are principally but not exclusively Democratic from southern states with uncomplicated conservative views. These are politicians for whom a balanced federal budget is a kind of Holy Grail of economic management, and any measure that contributes to the quest is almost certain to win their favor. What they like most about the current Regan tax plan is that it would deprive the treasury of less revenue than did his original proposals. The bad news—47 in all, loosely assembled into a coalition

of the House will shortly be debating tax-cutting proposals, both those sponsored by the president and by the House ways and means committee, chaired by George Dyer. Sen. Bill Roth, D-Wis., is the most ardent Democrat in the House, but a substantial number have already been lured into the presidential Rose Garden and converted, and when they speak now they sound like good, loyal supply-side Republicans. In return for their loyalty, Ronald Reagan has promised that he just wouldn't feel like campaigning against them in the 1982 congressional elections. Nowhere he need go. As one wag put it: "With enemies like these, who needs friends?"

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Kennedy: another round of inflation

known as the Conservative Democratic Forum—are not, however, unanimous. Resting the president's will, some have expressed preference for the bare bones of the Bartenkowski proposal, which would convert the nation to a two-year tax cut (16 per cent this year, 16 per cent the next). The White House wants another 16-per-cent cut in the third year, arguing that individual and corporate taxpayers will be better able to set targets, budgets, incentives. If they know exactly what the size of tax cuts will be underlying the Reagan plan is the easy assumption that tax cuts will trigger a wave of expand spending by business and savings by consumers, which will allow the economy to grow and renew America's industrial strength. True, Reaganites believe firmly in the salutary effects of simple optimism.

Bartenkowski and his vaguer colleagues see more skepticism. There is no guarantee American taxpayers will not immediately spend the money otherwise destined for the Internal Revenue Service. If they do, the only thing the president's tax cut will trigger is another round of double-digit inflation, likely to be aggravated by the extra 16-per-cent cut in 1983. The cause of an economy being difficult to predict. It is, in short, on Bartenkowski's view, to hedge the bets.

The president has threatened his basic tax-cutting diet with an array of tempting desserts, including measures to encourage personal savings, reduce inflation in the tax code and spend investment write-offs. The Bartenkowski bill will ultimately contain these changes, and then some—more directly aimed at helping lower- and middle-

income Americans. But the tax cut battle is now shaping up in the end as much political as it is economic. In a sense, the Democrats have not yet recovered from the Reagan landslide of last November, have not yet adapted to the new environment. They have lost not only their majority in the Senate, but (at least in the early encounters) de facto control of the House. They have come up against a popular, savvy and so far lucky president. And they are officially divided, the old liberal wing of the party at odds with the conservative conservatives, and nobody willing or able to take charge. They have lost one major conflict—the budget—and they now seem destined to suffer a second defeat. They find their responses maddening, as well as embarrassing, but they do not appear to have the first clue as to what they might do about it.

Last week, after he had announced his tax package, the president was asked if he had enough votes to win passage in the House. "If we don't have them, we'll get them," he said. A statement of bullish strategy, of course, but a statement also of political fact. ☐

True confessions

When 32-year-old violinist Helen Hayes left the orchestra pit during a performance of the Berlin Ballet in New York's Metropolitan Opera House last summer, she told colleagues that she wanted to have a private chat with star dancer Valery Panov. Hayes, a native of Aldersgate, C.B., hoped Panov could help her husband, Jim Minkin, an aspiring dancer. Minkin never approached Panov's dressing room, nor did she return to her place in the orchestra after the intermission. The following day police discovered the violinist lying body-on-body on a ledge half-way down a six-story scaffolding shaft.

Last week Craig Crimmins, a 28-year-old stagehand, was convicted of her murder. Under police interrogation, Crimmins had admitted that he met Hayes on an elevator and made a remark that led her to slap his face. He then continued to trapping the violinist in a stairwell, attempting to rape her and finally forcing her to the Opera House roof where he stripped and bound her. "As I was walking away I heard her shouting up and down," Crimmins said. "That's when it happened. I went back and kicked her off." Hayes died from skull fractures suffered in the nine-meter fall.

Despite such wealth of grisly details, Crimmins' lawyer, Lawrence Hochstetler, labelled his client a "phony confessor." Hochstetler claimed that Crimmins, a high-school dropout de-

scribed as somewhat retarded, had been manipulated into confessing by tough police tactics. In a series of videotaped interviews, however, he claimed primarily of police reading back Crimmins' statements to him before he signed the standup indictment he'd made there.

However, prosecutor Roger Hayes as-



Hayes (top) and Crimmins: 'As I was walking away I heard her screaming'

stressed that during psychiatric sessions arranged by his own lawyers, Crimmins had used some of the very same language he had employed in testifying to the police. In addition, Hayes pointed to a strong string of circumstantial evidence. Crimmins' palm print found on the Opera House roof, the admission of a fellow stagehand that the suspect had asked him to provide an alibi for the night of the murder and the fact that the last living Hayes' body was a slave bitch—a local community used by Metropolitan stagehands. Crimmins, who will be sentenced next month, faces from 15 years to life in prison.

For Jim Minkin, the knowledge that his wife's killer had been convicted brought little satisfaction. "Everything is over," said the bewailed Minkin. "I haven't had a moment since and I don't have one now." —RITA CHRISTOPHER

Another battle for Munro

By Ian Anderson

With a face like Edward G. Robinson's and friends like Frank McKenna, John Munro has always seemed improbable cabinet material. But the 29-year veteran of the Hamilton East has maintained the trust, even the affection, of his political master, an indication of Pierre Trudeau's enduring loyalty to the loyal, as well as how strong their penchant for finding political cow-pats.

Last week yet another load of dirt landed on the minister of Indian and northern affairs, and again it was Trudeau who administered the public cleaning in the House of Commons. With more force than finesse, Trudeau dismissed as garbage a story in the feisty Toronto Star implying Munro used his cabinet position to profit as the stock market from Petro-Canada's take-over of Petro-Canada Canada. Then Trudeau called the Star itself garbage. The last kick seemed delivered man-of-the-year personal page with the paper's most-clever assaults on all things Liberal, and anything remotely

ing Trudeau in particular, than for the treatment of his veteran Minister minister.

Under the double byline of Donald Rossay and Bob Rigby, the Star alleged that on Trudeau that Munro served as a director of Moly Investments, which the paper said purchased \$200,000 Petro-Canada shares at \$67 each last September

and sold them at \$126 when Petro-Canada revealed its cabinet-approved take-over bid in January. The paper further alleged that two other cabinet ministers and a Liberal senator also profited handsomely from the deal, but didn't name them, open advice from its lawyers. The Star's story begins to implode after Munro claimed to have never even

heard of Moly Investments, and while sources revealed no such company registered in Ontario, the reporter Rossay stepped back a pace by Thursday and described Moly as a "subsidiary" company that appeared in a stockholder's buy-sell order. For any cabinet minister to serve as director of any company would be in blatant violation of Trudeau's conflict-of-interest guidelines, and Munro through the years has proven adept at avoiding the sort of direct involvement in past Hamilton scandals that seemed capable of rocking him down.

Rossay suggested last week the Star's investigation had "only scraped the surface" of the story when the paper marked it can go no further before digging up all the loose ends. But the Star editor

A veteran minister denies a new charge



Munro in Winnipeg last week (top). Rigby, Trudeau, Rossay: the prime minister remains loyal to the royal



Peter Warthrop, a longtime Trudeau antagonist, was sticking by the story as the weekend, and the minister seemed destined for the courts. The normally stolid Munro appeared somewhat exasperatedly elated by the prospect of a trial and hired Hamilton lawyer John Bowley—longtime friend and also head of the Ontario Law Society—to find out "how the Star can afford to cover a story I didn't even know existed." Bowley noted that a heavy lawsuit should the Star refuse to retract its allegations. "Our position is that substantial damages have been caused," Munro's former law secretary, Jack Peck, also demanded the Star apologize for its reference to him as a director of Moly Investments. Peck's name has been linked to Munro's through various high-flying deals over the years. But Peck claimed he was in no way linked to Moly and had never invested in Petro-Canada stock "either directly or indirectly." The story is so totally 'inaccurate it's weird,' he said.

The Star may be counting on help from the Ontario Securities Commission's (OSC) investigation into insider trading of Petro-Canada stock. Petro-Canada's former chairman, Pierre Trudeau, has himself admitted to having "sleek" profits of \$800,000 by exercising stock options in his company just a month before the take-over, and well after Petro-Canada made its first approach. It will take at least another month to finish the complicated chore of tracing thousands of stock transfers through a labyrinth of shell companies and nominee accounts—a task that may prove impossible since the OSC hasn't the ability to track out overseas transaction from behind smoke screens of shell companies registered outside Canada. The concurrent federal investigation faces the same problem.

For Trudeau, the Star's allegations seemed little more than a small zill in a week otherwise occupied with making progress in Winnipeg and Fredericton for reform of Parliament so that it better reflects the nation's will. At the same time his government has been altering Petro-Canada so that it better reflects the will of the liberal public. Petroleum has had no board members this spring with appointments of defeated Liberal candidates party organizers and fund raisers. Their director, Jerry Gashford, noted were for 18 months with Liberal election advertising that the party's expertise is the oil business. With hundreds of millions to spend yearly on goods and services, the national oil company now offers the governing party a pack basket of such inconsequential proportions to render inconsequential a few dollars made speculating on the stock market. □



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MALCOLM GRAY and a squad of southern resort inmates in more orderly uniforms

British Columbia

Meltdown in the gilded cage

It ended in the grey drizzle of a morning rain, the most expensive cast in the history of prison uprisings in British Columbia fading away to the sound of clubs rattling on Perspex shields. The intruder-baiting heat rolled ahead of a contingent of Mac-infiltrated riot police advancing on the run toward wet and shivering inmates who had burned or damaged seven buildings at Matsay, a medium-security prison the night before. As the rioters stood among the makeshift tents they had raised in the recreation yard from blankets and plastic sheets looted from a storeroom, a balloon cracked an ultimatum: "Those of you who wish to leave peacefully, do so now! You have 15 minutes to present yourself at the south gate." For 30 minutes the two sides stared at each other. Then the convicts started shuffling toward the gate, away from the riot squad backed up by German shepherds and a contingent of 120 soldiers from the Canadian Armed Forces based at Chilliwack, further up the Fraser Valley.

The 270 inmates had taken no hostages and had nothing to bargain with during the 15 hours of last week's uprising, which saw their living quarters—the prison chapel, a cafeteria, a portion of the administration building, and several halls draped by fire. It was the first riotous riot in the 10-year history of a prison that has strives to become known as one of the most innovative in the Canadian penal system. Now it is merely notorious, since the damage is



likely greater than the \$1.6-million 1976 trashing of the now-closed BC Penitentiary in New Westminster.

The trouble began at 5:30 p.m. Tuesday, as the inmates gathered near the kitchen for their evening meal. There had been hints earlier in the day that something would break, regardless of dissent with the \$6 to 27 a day paid to inmates working in the kitchen. This happened sometime three days up the scale in the cafeteria, where inmates had been in and out for 15 minutes, and the riot spread like wildfire. Four prison guards working in the kitchen were forced to escape, while eight officers, two of them women, fled to the roof of the X-shaped living quarters, looking a trapdoor behind them. The inmates quickly overran the prison, barging searching in vain for drugs,

and one of them yelled to the two wardens to get out quickly. "Not all inmates are animals," regional prison spokesman Jack Stewart would say later. "Most of them hate hostage-taking as much as anyone else."

The eight employees on the roof had to wait two hours before they were rescued, while inmates streaming round through the building, boulders thrown. Help came in a Hughes 500 helicopter rented for \$300 an hour from nearby Abbotsford airfield, and the pilot Andy MacLennan hopped over the two dozen around Matsay were over but still within earshot. "We had to make three trips, taking them out three at a time," he said. "On our second trip in, the inmates started throwing rocks."

With all potential hostages safe, a nightlong stalemate began as inmates dragged mattresses into the recreation yard to watch the buildings burn, throwing empty pop bottles at firehoses. The percentage of the prison was burned by a fire that grew to 600 as guards were reinforced by units from the RCMP, Matsay police and soldiers with 40 semi-automatic rifles. The tactical squads moved in when it was light, and by midmorning the last nine inmates had been flushed out.

Matsay was the first prison in Canada to allow inmates to study for university degrees, but even though inmates live in individual rooms without bars on the windows, all the attendees' tickets of confinement can still erupt. With investigations still under way into the cause of the riot, Matsay is about to try a new program. The inmates now living without mattresses in the prison's classrooms or bedded down in tents within the compound have been told the place is going to be cleaned up and rebuilt—with their help. Declared Jack Stewart: "We're going to be pretty intent that they right the wrongs they've created." —MALCOLM GRAY

The scotch and cornflakes caper

At times it seemed as if the massive bear pit of the Victoria legislature had slipped over the Strait of Georgia and been deposited in Room 67 of the Vancouver law courts. During a trial launched by B.C. Premier Bill Bennett against former BCP provincial finance minister Dave Stappich, who were packed courtroom with spectators, with allusions of the sort of legislative dirty laundry usually shared only in the shadow confidences of politicians and newspapermen. Indeed, Mr. Justice Albert Mackie was required to warn that it was a court of law, not the legislative assembly, in a four-day trial



Premier Butler with Premier Bennett; Stappich: a courtious crisp with malice



that saw sealed envelopes containing the names of an allegedly drunk cabinet minister, embezzler, Hitler and the Nazis, and other charges of sloshy corruption intact.

At issue was a constituency newsletter written by opposition B.C. Stappich and published last July in three weekly newspapers in the Nanaimo area of Vancouver Island. In it he alleged, "There were times when the presser himself seemed to be in on state to attend law courtings offings of the legislature." Stappich argued that the newsletter was in response to a widely reported Bennett's gaff outside the House in which he said he had consulted eight officers of the B.C. legislature because "members are less likely to pour scotch with their colleagues."

Although Stappich admitted he had never seen Bennett drunk or even take a drink, he considered the "cornflakes" remark as a political attack on himself and on the vice. Under an occasionally

rambling defense of "conditional privilege" by Stappich's lawyer, former provincial attorney-general Alex Macdonald, it was argued that the Nanaimo MP's duty was to defend himself and inform his constituents of the "other side" in the Bennett narrative. Macdonald said attorney-client privilege was an absolute privilege, and that an earlier Bennett speech linking the wps to "national socialism" (the far-right successor of Hitler's Nazi party) had aggravated Stappich's anger.

In a courtroom crisp with malice, Bennett sat stiffly, glaring at Stappich and a dozen other ad-hoc journalists with which he disagreed. His attorney, sharp Vancouver lawyer, Peter Butler,

Lawmakers and lawbreakers

Saskatchewan's NDP government, which likes to consider itself on the cutting edge of Canada's progressive labor legislation, found itself in court last week in Regina faced with the embarrassing complaint that it is not living up to its own Labor Standards Act. The changes were filed by the 16,500-member Saskatchewan Government Employees Union (SAGE), a broad-based, fractious organization still bringing over a month-long strike last year that was declared illegal because the number of those who voted to strike did not equal 50 per cent of the union membership, as required by the Trade Union Act. The sympathetic socialist government announced that in this spring's legislative session so that only 50 per cent of those who vote most favor a strike to make it legal. But Larry Brown, the SAGE's chief executive officer, now claims that workers at no contract change are owed overtime pay dating back to 1977.

If the adversarial court, which last week accepted the government's plan and Justice Jim Ross hands the bill to government, cannot estimate the back pay could result \$1.5 million for 90 workers, many of whom have long since migrated to other occupations. To complicate the issue even further, SAGE is the province's attorney-general's department that is overseeing prosecution of the social services department, one half of the entire. The wrangle came to a head in April when 30 camp workers walked off the job to protest the government's refusal to pay overtime. That led to a scuffle, clashing two of the main medium-security work camps and forcing four others to keep along under management personnel. The union claims that since camp workers spend 24 hours a day in eight-day stretches in the camp, anything more than 10 hours a day should

be considered overtime, according to the Labor Standards Act. But the government argues that the \$20 a day in camp differential paid the staff covers the extra hours. The law was referred to the Labor Standards Board, which did an audit of hours worked and ruled that \$20,470 in overtime pay was owed since a new contract went into effect last July. That could mean a back pay cheque for some workers of \$0,000, but the union still insists it will be paid in full.

Cut in doubt by the dispute has been the future of the camp, which Royal Services Minister David Langford believes offers an effective alternative to jail for first-time offenders. "I hope the camp will still be viable once this has finally been settled," says Langford. "But we may be forced to double the staff to get away from long stretches of sleeping one is camp, with the inmates." There was a glimmer of hope yesterday, and both sides were open to talking to a mediator about halting the dispute for the future. Meanwhile, the courts will have to decide whether the government broke its own law in the past. —DALE EASLER



Brown: more sleeping over?

Saskatchewan

Wheels to grease the wheels

The Blaskey has rolled into the Saskatchewan outback last week, kicking up lots of acid prairie dust and even some speculation that it might be a dry run for a Saskatchewan election within the next year. From a visit to Plains Poetry in Weyburn, where Premier Allan Blaskey watched upside-down chaises have their necks slit on an assembly line, to a quiet interlude over tea with the man and his brother at St. Peter's Hospital in Yorkton, the annual tour spans along without a hitch or, better pay for Blaskey, a hault. There had been talk that into citizens in Kansas planned to barricade the road because of the government's failure to call a judicial inquiry into what they believe are shady land dealings by the local sheriff, as the six-day sojourn upped through town without stopping, though Blaskey vied at the front wheel and wined.

Traveling with his wife, Anne, and a 13-year-old daughter, Margaret, as a bus chartered from the provincially owned Saskatchewan Transportation Co and fitted with green and gold festive Blaskey banners, Blaskey stuck to a nine-year tradition of attempting to become a Prairie populist at least one week a year. The only advancement in this year's 800-km 39-community itinerary was that it came a month earlier than usual, allowing the

Blaskey and his wife a grassroots tour deep into the Red Square



premier an opportunity to speak to high-school students along the route. And the tour will be the annual every prairie stop, although no one seemed to think the process of jockeying for the post of premier would be as the past year young people upped to the ferries job market in Alberta with the ink scarcely dry as their diplomas. While the process of work may have been welcome, the biggest cheer from students at the Veritas Comprehensive High School as the tour was drawing to a close came when Blaskey promised not to raise the legal drinking age of 18 years.

The notion of bussing a bus and arriving in six or seven of the province each summer started when Blaskey was campaigning to be premier in 1971. "The idea of the Blaskey bus was probably more a result of convenience than anything else," Thomas Blaskey's principal secretary, Bill Knight. "The party didn't have the money to fly in that campaign and, besides, the former government's image was one of being high-rolling and insensitive. The idea of travelling by bus is crucial to Allan Blaskey's own lifestyle. It is an extension of that and he is relaxed doing it this way." Although he is comfortable around a constitutional conference table in front of television cameras, the feeling among Blaskey aides is that he is not genuinely at ease making small talk in rural Saskatchewan, which is the real test of political success for the tour. The party begins to the rural regions amounts to a public relations effort, with Blaskey dressed casually in corduroys and slacks, staying in touch with what constitutes ordinary citizens.

Nothing was left to chance. The tour focused on the east central part of the

province referred to as "Red Square" because of its historically socialist support. Handing out arrangements was Blaskey's bus bid director, former MP and ex-councillor Ed Broadbent's federal campaign. Also enlisted as an adviser was Dennis McKnight, another former Broadbent campaign worker, and among the entourage was Sue Clark of the province's finance department to offer expertise on government programs. But even with a finely tuned schedule that kept road-testing to a minimum of only 60 minutes in a Yorkton shopping mall, there were some unexpected incidents. At a private staff picnic in a provincial park, a group of senior citizens in a nearby recreation centre behind Blaskey was close by and asked him to join them. When he did, his name was added to a draw the group was having—and Blaskey ended up winning a plastic pace marker. Whether that cursed the track, Blaskey later announced another tour this summer in the northern reaches of the province. Getting the tour at last, no leader Grant Devine claimed in with tentative plans for a bus tour of his own in July and August. —David Rossen

Halifax

Of comparability and visibility

Merchants on Spring Garden Road, the heart of downtown Halifax, were taking no chances. A week after the start of a walkout by the city's 800 police force, they brought in a handful of trained Doberman pointers from "the road to patrol their street. "We're being very sensible," said Doug Johnson, president of the Spring Garden Area Merchants' Association, "so that the few hoodlums who drive up and down once in a while to see what's happening will say, 'Maybe we should go home to bed.'

Such "visibility" seemed to do the trick. Despite unusually large numbers of people rifling through the streets last weekend, as the strike moved into its second week, the dogs, combined with heavier complements of patrol cars manned by supervisory staff and RCMP, were enough to keep the city sedated. And despite a display of the pre-strike walkout's events—when vandals smashed plate-glass windows and looted stores on Gottingen Street in the city's north end, turning the street into a plywood bivouac by Sunday—had little more than a bantam teen-age party at a nearby park to titillate their craving for action.



Reported Doberman in Halifax: visibility

The walkout by the Halifax Police Protection's Association at 7:30 on a Friday night took the city by surprise, even though talk had been stalemate for more than a month. The union wants \$20,000 in 1984 for a first-class constable (a man with more than three years' experience, who now makes \$26,000) and \$27,000 in 1982. The city has held firm at its offer of \$22,500 and \$24,500, says Halifax Mayor Jim Wallace. "The cost of mounting the strike force demands would be higher than the cost of replacing those windows," he says. Halifax faces down to strike.

MacIntosh said, "we are not Calgary or Edmonton." Wallace says the city cannot afford to pay comparable salaries, even though union demands are significantly less than the \$30,000 to \$37,000 first-class constables in every major city from Victoria to Montreal will make in 1984.

Wages in the Maritimes have been historically lower than the national average for many occupations, while the cost of living is generally higher. But it's only within the past few years that inflation in the region has made an effort to catch up, and it's particularly gratifying that even on their own doctored other forces are still far ahead: a first-class now costable in Halifax—with the federal government footing the bill—will make \$27,400 in 1981. Joe Ross, executive director of the Police

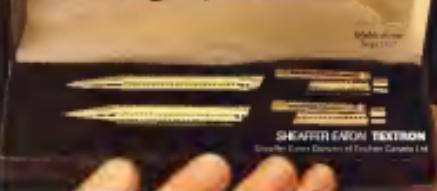
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Association of Nova Scotia, believes that such wage differences are forcing decisions in the ranks of municipal forces and sending men down the road to Toronto and Calgary. Wallace, however, argues that's not the issue: "They come back. They don't like it there."

Meanwhile, concerned that the strike was hurting tourism revenues, 63-year-old Wallace called a press conference to uphold the need for freezing the violence rather than the city's fiber points. He compared strike coverage to coverage of fires, "where the impression given was of a country with well-to-well people all with their fists raised down the street they were selling oranges, but we didn't get to see that. Well, I just want to say that they're selling oranges in Halifax."

—SHIRLEY DAUGHERTY

Alberta

Indian harvest white man style

Beneath Starlight leases across the open air deer and surveys the surrounding countryside. He reflects the time 13 years ago when, along with his new bride, he sniped at the land, cutting and stripping spruce trees for sale to ranchers building corrals, hauling the trees out of the bush behind an old saddle horse. Today the land is called Redwood Meadows, a leisure residential development, and

Starlight, 34, is general manager of Sarco Developments Ltd., the company that has transformed this property in the northwest corner of the Sarco Reserve 35 km west of Calgary. Bounded between the Elbow River and Highway 22, the seven-thousand-acre stretch of land, there are 144 houses with another 65 under construction. One day Redwood Meadows will have more than 1,000 houses on its original terms. Purchasers design and build their own houses on land they will never own—statutorily, lots are leased from the Sarco band. At the Sarco's insistence, moreover, the houses are built according to stringent development guidelines to ensure that as much of the secluded foothills setting is retained as possible. No home can be higher than six stories. The exterior must be done in stone or earth tones. There are no concrete walkways along the paved boulevards, just natural grass and flowers. And while development—but the tranquil setting has spread a thicket of legal questions over the use of Indian land.

Normally, Indian lands are a federal responsibility—but does a housing development for non-Indian residents on Indians' land not fall under provincial jurisdiction, as it would for other non-Aborigines? This puzzle has been before the Alberta Court of Appeal for more than three months with a judgment still awaited. Meanwhile, representatives of the provincial government and the Sarco band met in Edmonton June 15, hoping to reach a preliminary agreement that will release Redwood

Meadows from legislative limbo. The Sarco's gift to earthen began legally enough in the early 1970s as a natural extension of an already-existing horse-race golf course, one of the best in the area. Development money would be needed, and since the Indian Act does not permit the band to use the land as loan collateral, a strategy was devised. The Sarco, who overreached the 1,100-acre grant to the federal government, agreed to let Indians back to them for \$500,000, when full ownership will revert to the band. During the lease's collateral, the Indians were able to take \$3 million from The Bank of Nova Scotia, hire contractors and service the land. Then they started leading the lots, originally charging around \$30,000 (now \$60,000), which is about 60 per cent of what is paid for comparable freehold land. Each individual homeowner's lease runs to 2049, the end of the original 75-year period, with renewals for extension. Simple enough—until the project became ensnared in a tangle of intergovernmental legal hurdles. At one point a provincial minister publicly warned would-be residents that their legal status and rights remained uncertain, and mortgages lenders reacted by refusing to advance funds to households to build their homes.

By the beginning of 1979 only 28 of the 135 lots in Phase 1 had been leased but Sarco is a Blackfoot word for "bold people," which Starlight says means "they never run from a fight," and the Sarco didn't. The band council, with growing revenues from a natural gas well on the reserve, gave Sarco Developments a loan guarantee so lease sales could continue. A controller was called in to sort out financial problems. During the 18 months all of Phase 1 has been leased with Phase II slated to open soon and resale houses are hitting the market at anywhere from \$125,000 to \$300,000. Although the project is still in its early days, the developer expects to obtain a profit of \$5 million by the completion of the proposed phase.

Starlight is optimistic as agreement with the province is in sight, followed by a quick blessing from the federal government. Today Redwood employs 80 people and there is a shortage of Sarco people to fill positions. In 1977 a contractor serviced Phase I. This time the Sarco are doing most of the work and soon they may start building houses. So, with an annual \$300,000 payroll and the eventual dividend that will be paid to every band member out of the development's profits, the standard of living for the reserve's 125 families is rising. No longer will they have to content themselves with mopping the bush for tall, stately spruce trees to shade down for corn stalks and sunflowers at 20 cents each.

—GORDON LEGG

Meadows from legislative limbo.

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Sarco Developments' Loyd Whistley and Bruce Starlight: an ally with problems.



—T

here is an old aristocratic adage on the racetrack that goes, if you want a classic horse, "you breed the best to the best and hope for the best." It goes without saying that you entreat the royal offspring to the best if you believe the purple duchess, Pleasant Colony and his trainer, John Camps, were seers of this year's Triple Crown and I'll just short out Saturday.

Not that both are without credentials. Pleasant Colony was sired by His Majesty, who was his sire, and some of his get have performed well.

But this is a long, slender, slender, much-ribbed colt with mud over eyes that kept his last weekend, Saturday's heroes—no not the one

one would pack to convince anyone that His Majesty was a "10" in the bag.

But the horse is the least of the problems. The establishment can deal with Pleasant Colony more easily, since he does have bloodlines—at least he is bred Camps, on the other hand, has no such lineage to suggest equine achievement. When we think of Triple Crown trainers, the image that comes to mind is of the corral "Sunny Jim" Fitzsimmons (the only man to win two), or the Jones boys of Calumet, Ben and Jimmy, who reigned from Kentucky to Bremerton. Camps comes closer to the podium than the royal colt.

The 43-year-old, five-foot, seven-inch, 1,000-lb. trainer comes from the tough streets of New York, the son of Indian

immigrants. A high school dropout to this day he could dictate lines from "The Four" at the age of 27, he started as a horse-walker, leading horses after workdays, persistently asking time and favors in the "sport of kings." Such great expectations were a long time coming as he knocked around from stable to stable odd-jobbing for various trainers until, at the age of 21, he got a job riding horses for the Philipps' family trainer, Eddie Neloy, who had the failed Buckpasser and Gun Bow, who he rode against five-time stakes winner, the Kelso.

"He was the one," says Camps. "I learned more from Neloy than all the others. He taught me how to spot class, an important trait in Camps" in a horse, and how to headspin a race." Eventually, Neloy earned his prestige up to be his assistant. Neloy also took a personal interest in the roughhewn Camps, who is acutely aware of his "lack of background and education."

Neloy handed him this insecurity and convinced Camps to enter a 14-week Dale Carnegie self-improvement course, which he balked at. The result was that Dale Carnegie finished a distant second.

But the two men remained close. Possibly because Camps, who has admitted he still doesn't get on with his father, saw Neloy as an ideal substitute. Even with a Derby and Preakness in his possession, Camps took a shot at his father

Pleasant Colony winning the Kentucky Derby (above), Camps, from the tough streets of New York City

In a recent interview, "The old man" said 60 hours a week at the track. Now he carries 300. Big deal. He's a racing manager operator. Friend could say his thoughts, but Camps would counter who's been having five-time stakes winner, the Kelso.

Camps, his lessons learned, left Neloy in 1968 and began to make his name as a sharp rookie trainer. A confirmed workaholic ("I don't even play golf, play tennis or even take vacations—horses are my life"), he set out as a public trainer to prove the smart money wrong. In 1980, racing a public stable, he finished second in the trainers' standings in New York, recognized as the toughest track in the States. The next year he topped the standings and for the following six years ranked in the top three. During these years, two of his thoroughbreds were voted Eclipse Awards, turfman's equivalent of the Oscars. And in 1991, with Jim French ("My best horse" (Pleasant Colony)), he got a whiff of the big ones, finishing second in the Derby and Belmont and third in the Preakness. Close for the fat man, but no cigar.

When Neloy died suddenly of a heart

SPORTS

A fat man, an ugly colt, a Crown out of reach

Pleasant Colony's mortal lock came undone

By Joe Flaherty

There is an old aristocratic adage on the racetrack that goes, if you want a classic horse, "you breed the best to the best and hope for the best." It goes without saying that you entreat the royal offspring to the best if you believe the purple duchess, Pleasant Colony and his trainer, John Camps, were seers of this year's Triple Crown and I'll just short out Saturday.

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Pleasant Colony winning the Kentucky Derby (above), Camps, from the tough streets of New York City

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When Neloy died suddenly of a heart

attack in 1971). Campo—to everyone but the Phillipses—was his logical successor to train the Phogar string. That he didn't get the job had nothing to do with his knowledge of quadrupeds but with his ignorance of polo four. Campo was a winter of triggered jockeys and horsehair hats, and in a winter he could hold his own with either. Moreover, on the same occasion he did not fit it doesn't help, since the masters could judge like the drapes in a novel. So the Phillips abandoned horse sense hedged their bet with society's Blue Book and hired impeccably young Roger Loring (one of Loring, the trainer for Fenny Tweddle, owner of Secretariat, 1969's Triple-Crown winner). Tweddle herself is out of the Chrysler's of Virginia. Even Dale

Sometimes he's a little too crazy for his own good. If he could relax, he'd be even greater. But this is no fake. Nobody can just up a horse as quick as Campo. I saw him do it for years with cheap claimers. He can bring them up. God damn, I caught him training Pleasant Colony the gate the week of the Wood. Man, you school two-year-olds, not three-year-olds, at those horses. But Campo always had a free spirit.

Campo was low-keying it before the Fairway, because of some negative press: "head-in-the-sand," "bullock," etc. But as 20s pointed out with a laugh, "He was always like that. But he never had the big horse, so nobody paid attention."

Of course, the press doesn't like to be

the Pranksters (one of only three horses to win from post position 39 in Pleasant Colony's history) he has already run a mile and a half. He'll have no excuses in the Belmont. Good horses don't." In a less measured moment he declared, "If that sort of a bitch, don't break a leg, I'm home."

Campo claims he is not waging a vendetta against the establishment, just to the Phillipses. But according to 20s, "They know about the way you want a beautiful girl. But don't let him know he couldn't put it, but to his mind he thought he had a chance. He deserved it. Larrie and John Russell [Naylor's successors] couldn't share his show."

The owners were tranquil until



Pleasant Colony's Pleasantness: no Pox

Campo couldn't give you that on 14 weeks.

This year, it would be different, though his detractors will tell you he lacked out. Thomas Mellon Evans, the industrialist and squire of Buckland Farm, employs these regional trainers. Thirty-three days before the Wood Memorial, Pleasant Colony was in the hands of his Florida trainer, P. O'Donnell Lee. The horse was an in-and-outter for Lee, and the young trainer made the mistake of running him in a Florida stakes when he had a fever. The horse fared poorly. Evans was displeased and moved the colt north to Campo. Miraculously, the horse came on well—wonderfully well.

At 20s at Belmont Park, Campo, who always keeps his paddockmates in line, demonstrated his commanding authority in the Wood, Derby and Preakness. "Look, how much can you do in a month?" The kid next me that horse is in great shape. I'd do anything special with him. Some long galloping—two-mile-plus. Hey, I ain't a genius."

His former assistant and now trainer is his own right, Nick 20s, dangerous. "I won't tell you no 65. This is no fake. This guy paid his dues. He's one of the best. He's an extreme competitor."



Third at Belmont: no draw for Pleasant

Pleasant Colony approached the starting gate. Next to his post 31, in a vacant gate position, was a television concession. Judge Velasquez used to urge his horse in, but the colt refused five times. He was spooked by that modern Mephistopheles—the media.

After finally entering the gate, Pleasant Colony broke sharply, but was immediately round back. As the pack went a slow quarter of a mile and then a half, Collier was dead last. This was a deadly mistake by Velasquez. Another reason, caused to a gallop a mile and a half, was apparently buffered by the pace at this distance.

George Mariano, the ruler on of the winning Secretariat, earned a better underclass. Realizing the sightful post he aspired to, he led and held three lengths in the stretch. When Velasquez finally made his run, he was chasing a fresh horse and the best he could do was to secure third.

Affairwide Campo with a philosophical shrug. "That's the name of the game." Perhaps Johnny at Dale Carnegie learned about that other lead, round, merry sponge of royalty, Shakespeare's Falstaff, who, like Campo, was destined to be denied access to the crown. □

Lost Wax:

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But the process still begins with a 6,000-year-old idea.

A COMPANY CALLED
TRW

Jones' new wave is old hat: electrobeat is the note



Now that new wave is old hat, recording company moguls are predicting the biggest pop music revival of them all: the return of disco! The best that unleashed legions of white-suited John Travolta clones is set for a major relaunch in different clothes: banana-gee and costume ball, fancy dress replaces layered neck chains and Speedos pants. Leading the pack is the original disco diva, New York City famous model turned chanteuse, Grace Jones. "I've never tried to limit myself, even from the beginning," says the Jameson-burnt singer who now sports a radical new cut. On her latest disco disc, *Nightshades*, Jones tackles the David Bowie-themed title track, as well as tunes by Police-man *King*. Her version of the new disco already dubbed "electrobeat" — in all the rage in the same hot spots that interested disco ten years ago — says Jones. "I've been going to the places I started — and people tell me I'm the only one who's ever come back!"



Grace Jones and others at the disco's jump

Toronto Blue Jays in Toronto again on Sept. 21. "Cooney is supposed to be unbiased," complains Martin. "How can an umpire who has fled charges against a manager be unbiased?"

Writing doesn't come easier with age," says Pierre Martin, 66, as he awaits the September publication of his 27th book, *Flowers Across the Border* (M&M, \$11). At a recent party he threw for fellow members of the Writers' Union of Canada, the country's richest and most prolific wordsmith confided he had rewritten the first

three pages of his most recent volume, *The Journals of Canada, 1870-1972*, 20 times. "The whole book required an unprecedented four full drafts," Martin sighed. "I'm slowing down." If the three-time winner of the Governor-General's Award for fiction (who just won a Canadian Authors Association award for his fiction trouble and collected an honorary doctorate of literature from the University of Windsor) finds himself really dawdling after he finishes work on two upcoming TV shows and yet another book, he can depend on his \$1-million investments in real estate, stocks, gold and pension funds to keep the wolf at bay in his garage.



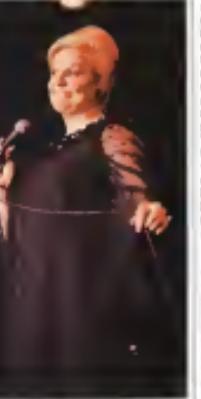
Strom: real estate, stocks, gold and treasury boners

The last time I was in a fight I was in Grade 6," sighed Canada's radar updating czar, Col. Langford last week after putting his feet-first skills to use in apprehending two vandals who were slashing his tires with a switchblade. Walking across a dark parking lot near his Wanigan home, Langford, 35, says he spent two hours hunting around his car. "Then I heard the air coming out of my tires and I had made a dash — 60 or 70 metres." Knocking over one culprit, Langford tackled the second and wrestled with him until bystanders and police came to his aid. In the struggle Langford aggravated a recent injury but expects to be back on the track in a few weeks. Says the parking lot hero, "I didn't get scared until it was over."

Stokes: "That's what they do to old speakers — hang them"



Honorable John E. Stokes



"Stop Mr. President! It doesn't matter whether I'm in the bathtub..."

It doesn't matter whether Langford is the last one for 2000 people," claims Jameson Farmer, Canada's foremost cartoonist, who left school last year to form a think-tank to the tune of a traditional 180th-ink-and-60-cent *King* (80,000), and raise revenue. "Creative change is not unusual for the Montreal-born chum, known to his friends as 'Big Jim' and fêted internationally as the premier interpreter of the works of *Oliver Hardy*. Last year, Farmer applied his wile to the role of "Bloody" Mary in an Edmonton production of *South Pacific* and now assumes she will be his road card in the role of *Mowgli* under the direction of *Brian Mondon*. In between, he will switch between a annual schedule of 120 operatic performances.

"When I was 30, I planned to retire at 40 and at 50 I looked for four years," laughs Farmer. "I'm going to end up as the soulmate of some geriatric weirdo, but I promise I won't be odd."

It's me — words and all," confessed former speaker of the then-newly Ontario legislature, Jack Stokes, after his official but hardly traditional portrait was hung with those of his predecessors at Queen's Park. Though unpolished to goons and raised eyebrows, the unfurling portrait by Ted Lake, Ont. born artist Lynn Thorogood, 28, whom Stokes picked to do the work, made the subject happy. "I'm comfortable with it," says Stokes, who is sitting again as just the plain old honourable member for Lake Superior for the opposition New Democratic Party. "After all, that's what they do with former speakershang them."

applied, but Werry admits he changed or the selection by temporarily reducing the rank of four commissioned officers. A major was reduced to captain, two captains dropped to warrant officers and a lieutenant became a master corporal. The rank-pulling enraged the gigantic 1000, who threatened to quit rather than be passed over. "It's my prerogative to do this," said Werry. "But my phone has been ringing day and night in Washington wanting to know what's happening. I had to take Friday off." Obviously Werry's superior had his home number; they overruled him last Friday night. This week the selection begins all over again — from real men.

James Gahan Watt, the 43-year-old lawyer appointed U.S. secretary of the interior by Ronald Reagan just four months ago, may be becoming the country's most unpopular secretary. One of the nation's largest environmental groups, the Sierra Club, is seeking one million signatures for a petition it plans to send to Congress that will demand Watt's resignation. In the first week of its over-warm drive, the club collected nearly 100,000 signatures. "The reason?" Watt (who has hired two bodyguards) is challenging the environmental rights of oil company and other entrepreneurs to drill in Alaska's 770 million acres of government-owned land, because he believes he has a religious duty to do so. The born-again Christian recently told a house-mateship committee: "My responsibility is to follow the Scriptures which call upon us to occupy the land until Jesus returns. ... I do not know how many future generations we can count on before the Lord returns."

Douglas Head, the man the terminally Social Credit government in B.C. hired to polish up its image, has been heading free publicity to the opposition New Democratic Party since his arrival in April. First there was the matter of Head leaving himself. Last October when Head paid a Toronto visit, Harris Head Ltd. (in which he is a partner), more than \$24,000 for a report on improving their public relations, they also asked for someone to direct a B.C. information service. Head not only picked up \$16,500 of the tab for his five weeks' work on the report but got the \$62,000-a-year job and a deputy minister's rank. His already prominent profile was boosted when Head lent a husband-and-wife team of Hollywood producers to study the government's image by evaluating each member's videotaped idiosyncrasies. Even in his new nickname, "Coff" B. deficit, doesn't have him down. "I just want to get on with the job," he says.

— ENTERED BY BAZAERA MATTHEWS

The geodesics of Dome

Latest take-over turns Dome into undisputed Canadian oil giant

By David Coates

The predictable approach never seems to be the strategy of Dome Petroleum Ltd. While analysts expect the company to sell assets, it buys, when the market anticipates a share price drop. For example, the company consolidates its holdings, then embarks on another take-over. When the National Energy Program appeared to put Dome at a disadvantage because of its high percentage of foreign ownership—hence around 50 per cent—Dome Canada Ltd. was created and new gas田 exploration grants.

Last week, Dome Pete continued to rewrite Canadian corporate history

Placing Dome oil rig in the Baulkham Hills-Gaithersburg corporate with roses above



PHOTO BY ERIC A. REED

York among them—an attempt to get a straight cash deal for HBCG.

But Dome had structured its bid so it didn't look like Conoco succeeded with a third-party buyer. Dome would have gained control with its purchase of 20 per cent of Conoco's outstanding shares, placing effective control of the struggling U.S. oil company in Dome hands. After shareholders voted in 10 per cent of Conoco shares—almost three times Dome's target—to back in on the 80 per cent offer, capitalization was revised. It came in: Montreal's Bill Richards, Dome's 54-year-old president, had flown to Conoco's headquarters in a company jet (characteristically on a weekend so travel wouldn't cut into the business week) and, over a doughnut-shaped desk in the Conoco boardroom, the deal was closed by a cordial handshake.



Richards over a doughnut-shaped desk

With its \$2.1-billion purchase of 50 per cent of Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas Co. (HBCG) from Conoco Inc. of Stamford, Conn., a take-over that puts Dome at \$6.1 billion in assets before the take-over, slightly behind Imperial Oil with 1980 assets of \$6.5 billion, as the second largest among the oil and gas companies operating in Canada, including the multinationals. The HBCG tags along with two propane assets, one to make it Conoco's president, Ralph Bailey, in March and April by 35-year-old Dome Chairman Jack Gaithersburg. Dome's final offer, announced in May, was to buy up to 50 per cent of Conoco's stock and exchange it for Conoco's 50 per cent holdings, a swap that would have

Dome an estimated \$400 million in capital gains tax. Conoco responded with unexpected bidding, and the posturing began, an exchange of non-committal letters between Bailey and Gaithersburg based up the battle. Conoco went ever further, seeking participation and a lobby in the U.S. Congress where reinstatement of take-over by Canadian companies appears to be gearing up. Now, though, Dome is back, with shareholders that Dome was covertly intent on taking over. As for future moves, Richards says Dome Pete's board hasn't decided, but hints that the company, "a competitor with a few roses above," is not finished yet. Imperial may soon hear the approaching footsteps. □

The take-over gives Dome control of 8000 of 82,000 acres of land. Furthermore, its 40 per cent Canadian ownership now means it is eligible for the maximum federal exploration grants it couldn't qualify under Conoco ownership. The deal, \$3 billion of which was underwritten by four Canadian banks, makes Dome's debt to \$6.5 billion, with \$700 million a year in interest charges. As for future moves, Richards says Dome Pete's board hasn't decided, but hints that the company, "a competitor with a few roses above," is not finished yet. Imperial may soon hear the approaching footsteps. □

The conditioning of a president

There comes Robin Korthals half-way down on a 10-speed bicycle. With his T-shirt, Adidas shorts and blue and white sneakers, he's not like a biker in a way, though dressed through a small knot of riders. While politiciansumble and media stars scatter out of control in May's Big Wheel celebrity race at the University of Toronto, the issue is that Korthals heads taken an early lead and finishes first. But he is more than just pure fun bird from a flock of numberless contestants. As he took on the \$250,000-a-year president's job at the Toronto-Dominion Bank (TD) last week, he represented the touchstone for what banking may become.

At 48, he is two months older than master and TD Chairman Richard Thomson and is the final confirmation that today's top bankers are radically different from those of 15 years ago.

At 68, he is two months older than master and TD Chairman Richard Thomson and is the final confirmation that today's top bankers are radically different from those of 15 years ago.

American, but he is likely the most surprised at his own success. "I am not renowned by ambition," he says. "I am a senior job brings satisfaction, but it's not to me especially the one thing in life that I always wanted to do and would like to do. I don't have a high energy level. I kind of like taking it easy."

Not so with Korthals. Three years ago, he was a 25-year-old additive to TD, doing the much work and working 12 to 14 hours in the afternoon but not up at the office. Last year he pushed himself through the grueling two-day 165-km Montreal-to-Ottawa cross-country ski marathon, where a medal is awarded just for finishing. The corporate phase passed, Christopher Ondrasik, founding partner of Loevenich, Ondrasik, McClelland says: "It's got a cool enough wind to be able to handle power. Half of it is getting on the right train and picking the right partner. He's certainly done both those things." And worked sufficiently hard that wife and partner, Judy, does suffer some corporate wife's syndrome. She has been known, for example, to phone him at the office late in the day and announce herself by saying: "This is your personal speaking."

His current appointment means even more stress. "The penalties for not getting up are fairly great in terms of public embarrassment or very serious error. This is a great motivator," he says. "The other factor is society, for just as banking's way up now comes from without, the world will no longer accept past arrogance." Says Paul Martin, president of Global Communications, whose television network was saved from financial oblivion in the mid-'80s by Korthals: "I don't think he tries to create the impression—as some senior bankers try to do—that he is God Almighty himself."

The man, who has over 18 hits, either while at Harvard, he and two other students set up the Old Harvard Bicycling Club, a 100-member club. Even operating its own shop, no one could buy the stuff, so the three drizzled at themselves. Then on July 23, 1981, when Korthals, the Harvard grad showed up for work at Nedlitz Thomson, he was ready to take on not only the brokerage firm but the whole of Bay Street. Enclosed behind his desk is the 1500-foot walkway-pastel wall that regale with secretary on call and two phones at hand, he sat waiting for the desk to roll. His phone buzzed with the first call. It was the boss and senior vice-president, Jim Crockett. "Mr. Korthals, could you come here a moment, please?" Down the hall, up is the desk, ready for action, only to hear: "I wonder if you could go downstairs and get me a chicken sandwich on white?" No wonder Korthals has never taken himself too seriously.

—SUSCENCE McQUEEN



Two aspects of TD's Korthals: not a day in the life of theeller's cage

Both are engineers and Harvard MBAs. Korthals' money survey comes from the bank branch floor but the first world of corporate finance. Together they will run the m. Canada's fifth-largest chartered bank with its \$8 billion in assets, 18,200 employees and more than 2,000 branches—a bank whose U.S. operations may eventually become larger than its Canadian base. And not a day in the teller's cage between them.

Korthals was born in Tempe, where the registry office backed the name Bobbie, chosen by his Scots mother. As a classmate, Mansfield could never name Roberto, the official name he bears still. He isn't the first foreign-born to become a Canadian bank president. There have been many Scots and a few

with its dark blue hair, red, white and blue sneakers and over of five. His eyes look mischievously above his smiling nose as he admits: "I'm moderately tall. I don't have a high energy level. I kind of like taking it easy."

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—SUSCENCE McQUEEN

A caisse in the shadows

The final straw for Eric Forest, president of the *Caisses d'Épargne*, came late last Thursday. After dear alarming days that saw tens of thousands of Quebecers, many of them elderly, queue up to withdraw more than \$70 million in deposits from branches, the master computer, ensconced from headquarters of the \$1.5-billion savings and loans in Alouette, Que., just blew on "Forest and his fellow directors spent Friday "more or less guaranteeing the final day in a week of desperation."

The run on the *Caisses d'Épargne*—basically credit unions which serve as local capital pools for small businesses—began sharply when TVA, a private French-language TV network, announced the first of a five-part exposé May 29 on a "serious liquidity crisis" in the caisse. Thirty of the 77 caisses across the province were losing money, largely through mismanagement, the report stated. By midweek, Ottawa had moved in and opened a \$100-million line of credit with the Quebec Deposit Insurance Board.

The *Caisses d'Épargne*—set to be merged with the province's \$6-billion Caisses Populaires, which operate along more traditional credit union lines—drew most of their capital not from deposits but from the sale of non-voting shares. During the 1960s and 1970s, when chartered banks were paying unit and seven-per-cent interest on term de-



Forest, *Caisses d'Épargne*, \$72 million in withdrawals and counting

posits, members of the *Caisses d'Épargne* were earning a return of 14 per cent a year on their shares. When the cost of borrowing began to soar, the *Caisses d'Épargne* found that their loans were no longer earning enough to pay out the 15 per cent and higher now offered by the more flexible chartered banks. So although some of the branches may actually be losing money—as TVA had alleged—*Caisses d'Épargne* clients simply aren't getting their money's worth.

Now that the run is believed over, operations will be restructured; the caisse branches will be closed and the others merged. Multimillion-dollar lawsuits have already been threatened against TVA by several branches, and



CAISSE D'ÉPARGNE ÉCONOMIQUE DE LA GUTTALE

Forest says he will add his own. "No one at TVA is really a responsible company." But there may be a darker side to the story there: it talk on rue Saint-Jacques that the impetus for the run—and perhaps the "inspiration" for the television series—may have come from other parts of the Quebec credit union movement, where much of the money withdrawn from outlying *Caisses d'Épargne* likely ended up. —LARRY BLACK

What seems fact all the more irritating is that all the noise inviting us to come to Canada to buy, Japanese manufacturers will send a maximum of 136,383 vehicles to Canada between April, 1981, and March, 1982, 10,000 less than in the similar period a year earlier. Because of a surge in Japanese exports to Canada, the first few months of 1981, however, the lowered ceiling will actually allow Japan to send 10 per cent more cars to Canada in calendar year 1981 than in 1980.

Japanese imports off-loading in Vancouver, multimillion-dollar overhand

—LARRY BLACK

Toyota quota

Rather than drinking toasts, car manufacturers were left scratching their heads last week after the announcement of Canada's long-awaited auto export agreement with Japan. "Is it a good deal or not?" Federal Industry Minister Herb Gray said yes as he brandished an accord with Tokyo calling for Japan to reduce its

auto exports to Canada relatively by six per cent. Under the agreement, Japanese manufacturers will send a maximum of 136,383 vehicles to Canada between April, 1981, and March, 1982, 10,000 less than in the similar period a year earlier. Because of a surge in Japanese exports to Canada, the first few months of 1981, however, the lowered ceiling will actually allow Japan to send 10 per cent more cars to Canada in calendar year 1981 than in 1980.

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POST OFFICE

LIVING

A quest for finer cellars



Shoppers at Ponte, a sport for seasoned oenophiles, not two-bottle browsers

The bus and spring open. The Peace Bridge crosses after moments the steps with the familiar question, "Do you have anything to declare?" But chances are no meet palms will bring guilty consumers on this side over to returning to Toronto. The passengers do indeed have something to declare—imported wine, most likely the legal limit of 12.25-litre bottles each year.

Wary of the rising prices and many restrictions offered by the Liquor Control Board of Ontario (LCBO), more South Americans are hopping across the border to buy French, Spanish and Portuguese, Mexican, Italian, Australian and California Chardonnay. These dedicated oenophiles readily shoulder duties and hours amassing to about 34 per \$4 bottle, and spending upward for prime selections—in the search for wines at what they consider reasonable prices (say, triplets minus out as the two day-drink bottles allowed after a 45-hour visit). Some make the trip on bus charters organized by local wine clubs such as Toronto's *Les Amis du Vin*. Others descend on one Spokane, I.W., store in cascade of face and five carloads. And some, such as Toronto accountant Ed Dulsky, make the quest a day-long outing "with the guys."

Flavored meadows are Rochester's Century Liquor and Buffalo's Premier Liquor and International Wine Centre (whose manager Ed Mataras counts an estimated 1,000 Canadians a year as regular customers). The antithesis of the many wine cellar, these two suburban warehouses are as garrisonily as any discount department store. But beyond the lines of enterprise wine, innovative spritz now open one of fine

wines—display cases that make full-service LCBO outlets look like a temperance saloon. "Breadth of selection is one of the major reasons we have so trouble organizing buying trips of 30 to 250 people," says Steven Trebilcot, a director of *Les Amis du Vin*. The many California wines stacked by both stores are a prime attraction. Explains Mataras: "The best California Pinot—Pardieu or Phelps' Cabernet Sauvignon, for example—aren't available in Ontario."

Regional can be found, although "not an cheap wine," cautions Tom Whyte, a business executive and member of the Guyana Society Commissioners who says, "Preston's price for Chianti Brus-Catino, \$32.49 a bottle, #20289 a case as a steel will consider their wine, travelling time and duties will spent. But bulk wine buying is a sport for seasoned tipplers, not novices."

"You have to know the wines, their varietal and the prices in Canada," says Whyte. That \$6.85 item standard, *La Coar Parfum*, at the basic price of \$4.79, the travelling shopper adds about two per cent duty, 15-per-cent sales tax, one-per-cent bottle excise tax and 10 cents per ounce levied by the LCBO. Warns Whyte: "You pay that \$6.80 whether it is \$3 or \$50 bottle."

No fax of 82 bottles, Dulsky drives to Century Liquor every three months, where he and his friends spend a few hours browsing the aisles with a shopping cart. At the moment, he's stocking his wine cellar with Chianti Classico 1979. "It costs \$40 a bottle in Toronto," he says, "and I expect to get more on my next trip to Century for \$18 to \$20 a bottle. I would go anywhere for it."

—BOB NEL

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THE LEGEND OF THE
LONE RANGER
Directed by William A. Fraker

Some movies refuse sine company. *The Legend of the Lone Ranger* is certainly one of them. Some of it looks as if it has been shot through half a dozen packs of party line. It is not surprising that so much emphasis has been put on cinematography because the director, William Fraker, has been one of the best cameramen (*Rosemary's Baby*, *Bulldog*) in the business. He has gone all out and elongated his cameraman, Lando Kossen, to quite literally stretch up as much dust as he can. Intertitles are basterly-fit and swimming with grainy textures, the images suddenly blurred around the edges, alternating with the other visuals of frontier. Reminiscent paintings of the Old West, dusty enough to set a nation moaning. An irritating preface and howling frayed at the corners of the screen can be, sometimes though, also let witheringly beautiful. As Cliff De Gorge said in such gaudy town in *Little Big Man*, "Sometimes the music works, sometimes it doesn't."

The Legend of the Lone Ranger may

Full of flavour

Pour yourself a Heineken. There's nothing quite like it—because nothing beats good flavour.



well be one of the most enjoyable and movies ever made it bombs and flowers with equal facility. The "Legend" goes as follows: child Lone Ranger saves Indian boy, soon falls in by outlaw gang, goes to live with Indians, goes east and becomes a lawyer, comes back west and sees his brother, a Texas Ranger, die, is used by his Indian friend and sets out to avenge his past. No fewer than five scriptwriters had a hand in it and three of them must have gotten into a saloon fight at some point, beaten the bejeezus out of one another until only one was left, and the survivor must have polished off the



Lone Ranger, Hondo: that old musical mouse

final draft with one hand, one eye and several rounds of consciousness. Each time someone opens his mouth in the movie, the inevitable interplay Tonto squawks at a wild whooping-coo and says it sounds like him, Keena makes a snarl, or it's a merrily sullen. And a river boozes in here, or at least gets christened.

Yet each time there is no dialogue, *The Legend of the Lone Ranger* is "holy" stuff: the action is violent and varied and pushes ahead like a big train untiring states. There is a wonderful slow-motion sequence, where the masked man tries to tame Silver, which has, like a number of other isolated sequences, a chapbook quality. Silver is remarkable, performing every trick in the book short of sharpshooting trick. But the masked man himself, played by Eliott Spitzer, is an abomination of the Pilbury Doughboy school of acting. Nothing as poor or righteous as Tonto (Michael Grey) has come along since the Moral Majority. And as if that weren't enough, the major conflict—a perpetually bel of business about the kidnapping of Ulysses S. Grant in the person of Jacek Sarnoski—is remedied by Merle Haggard in verse.

There is a kind of dopey, spacy glaze to all this. The effect of the movie, which basically keeps you strapped to your seat, is proof of the power of popculture. For those of us who grew up with the old TV series, a line such as "Who was that masked man?", or a silver-bullet calling card or hearing the Wilson and everyone does again is enough to build goosebumps. Nobody in his right mind would call *The Legend of the Lone Ranger* a good movie, but it doesn't seem to have been made for people in their right minds. Most of us, in general, have always been amenable, not heading well to critical literature, education, and wisdom and breaking-wives. Radically unpredictable, you know where you are. *The Legend of the Lone Ranger* seems to stick by the old rule: go for the money—and the devil be damned if it doesn't work. The devil be damned, it sometimes does.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE



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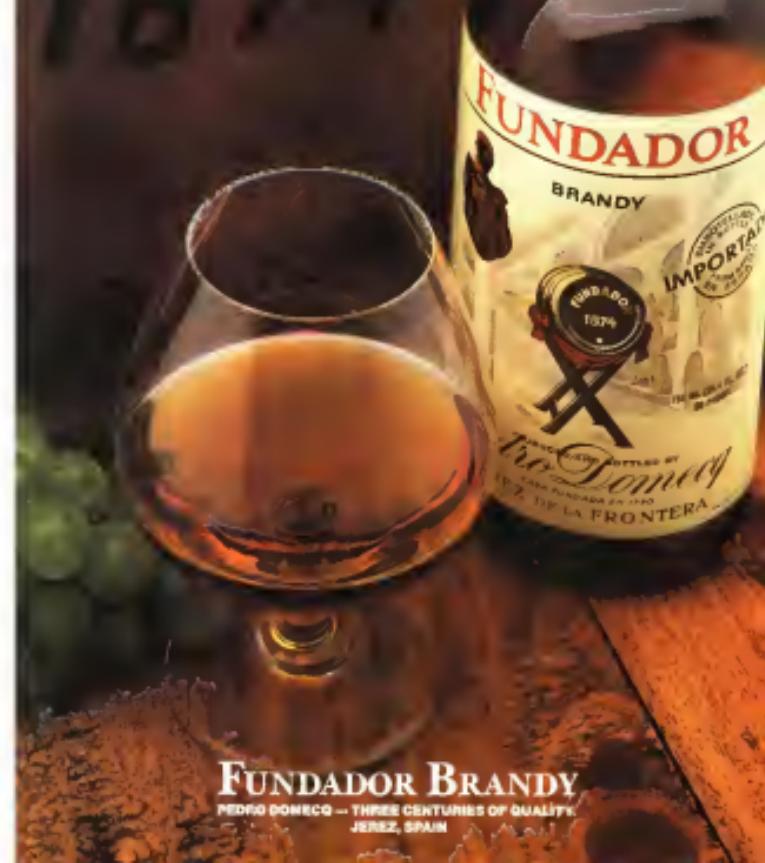
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Raging female hormones in the courts

Several cases boost legal recognition for premenstrual syndrome as a factor in female crime

By Charlotte Gray

In April, 1980, a normally gentle widow in her mid-40s, depressed by the anniversary of her husband's death, was arrested at an Ottawa store for shoplifting a man's necktie and shaving kit. Three days later she began menstruating—a seemingly irrelevant detail that ultimately led the Crown attorney to drop the charges against her.

Lawyer Scott Milley recognized both the woman's depression and her shock at her own bizarre behavior. Before going to court, he referred her to Dr. Rhonda Chalkie, a forensic psychiatrist at the Royal Ottawa Hospital and one of the few in her profession alerted to cases of premenstrual syndrome (PMS). Long overlooked by the medical establishment because its nebulous physical symptoms (from headaches to water retention) defy easy diagnosis, the condition is now estimated to cause one woman in ten some emotional and physical discomfort just before her period and during its first four days. About 10 per cent of all women, doctors are now acknowledging, suffer such severe symptoms that they sometimes cannot function at their jobs. In a very small percentage of women, the syndrome can lead to attempted suicide or criminal intentions. Says Dr. Katharina Dalton, the British general practitioner who for 20 years has blazed a solitary trail in PMS research: "The most common sign is tension—by which we mean tiredness, depression and irritability that can cause unpredictable outbursts of irrational behavior."

Chalkie knew Dalton's work and insisted in the defendant an association between her menstrual periods and mood fluctuations, as far back as her teens when she had been prone to premenstrual eating binges. He recommended that her gynaecologist administer hormone treatment for her PMS symptoms while he himself treated her depression with psychotherapy, and he wrote a psychiatric assessment for Milley arguing that this contributed directly to the shoplifting episode.

Neither Chalkie nor Milley had ever heard of PMS existing entering the Canadian courtroom. "But the medical evidence was very good," explains Milley. "I wasn't surprised when the case was dropped, since evidence about other hormonal changes, in response to postural poisons for instance, of-



Chalkie (top) alert to an overlooked syndrome, Dalton treating criminals

ten results in withdrawal of charges for minor offences." Since the Ottawa case, PMS has been cited as the primary mitigating factor in sentencing in two cases in Toronto. A 38-year-old woman charged with assault was put on probation after an assessment by the medical profession as a whole—and that has happened only in the past 10 years. These days, according to Dr. Gary Swaine, a general psychiatrist at Women's College Hospital in Toronto, PMS is accepted as a distinct phenomenon by any physician with women patients. "I see 35 new patients right now, and it incorporates about 15 of them for at least one day a month. One high-powered en-

United States, a manslaughter case is coming up in the Michigan courts in which PMS is the main thrust of the defense argument. But it is in British law courts that medical evidence of PMS has been used to most effect. Last May a 25-year-old woman who had committed a fatal stabbing had a murder charge reduced to manslaughter on the grounds of diminished responsibility due to PMS. She is now on probation for three years and a legal precedent has been set. Two previous British cases, involving charges of arson and assault, saw PMS accepted as a plea for mitigation of sentence. In all three cases, Dalton was the expert witness.

It was Dalton herself who first drew public attention to a connection between PMS and crime. Her writings cite several surveys with highly persuasive results. One British report shows that 49 per cent of 380 newly imprisoned women had committed their offenses during the days when the syndrome peaked. Of these women, 32 per cent reported regular PMS symptoms. PMS recently acquired legal status was contingent on acceptance by the medical profession as a whole—and that has happened only in the past 10 years. These days, according to Dr. Gary Swaine, a general psychiatrist at Women's College Hospital in Toronto, PMS is accepted as a distinct phenomenon by any physician with women patients. "I see 35 new patients right now, and it incorporates about 15 of them for at least one day a month. One high-powered en-

closure cells it but 'ain't no madness.'" In Swaine's patients the depression is usually directed inward; they become suicidal. But he reports that "irritability leading to uncontrolled rage, irrationality and violence is also possible."

The causes of PMS are elusive—suppositions include hormonal imbalance, vitamin B6 or mineral deficiencies, emotional stress, poor diet. Researchers agree that it is related to monthly fluctuations in levels of estrogen and progesterone produced by the ovaries. According to Dalton, PMS is caused by a premenstrual syndrome that, among other effects, causes the body to retain fluid and become "waterlogged." The premenstrual swelling creates tension, pressure, pain and numerous symptoms. Dalton has developed a test that she claims all but rules out the cause of the 28-day menstrual cycle. Dalton uses natural progesterone to treat her 2,000 PMS patients. "Only a tiny percentage of my patients—about one per cent—have criminal impulses (mainly unprovoked aggression)," she says. "That is each menstrual cycle, for a few minutes or a few hours, they lose all control and break the law."

Lawyers are still wondering about the impact of PMS in the near future. "PMS has been used sparingly," notes Vancouver lawyer Sue Dawson, "and is coextensive with other factors." Dr.



Dawson: PMS is the new excuse

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TOYOTA
OH WHAT A FEELING!

Exchanging pickets for ads

Unions turn to advertising to get their point across

By Steve Waddell

The telephone bill says they're going to raise your rates again. You're not the "strong union fighter." Payouts were fair, less in something I don't understand.

That bitter refuse, aimed directly at many telephone company appeals for "the long-distance fight," played on radio stations across Royal Canadian last fall. It was the jingle of the Telecommunications Workers Union (TWU), a moment later fired by the 11,000-member organization during its recent labour dispute and a strong example of the growth of advocacy advertising by increasingly sophisticated Canadian unions.

That's \$300,000 radio and newspaper campaigns with a cause calling, however, compared with other labor ad campaigns to win an unenforced public and broad readership's mandate. Recently in B.C., the Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE) spent more than \$200,000 on media blitz driving colleague bargaining and a strike to an impasse in its 100,000-plus CUPE. The Alberta Union of Provincial Employees expended \$100,000 to emphasize about 1,000 workers in the workplace. Last year television came into the picture for the first time when those well-heeled bidders, B.C. doctors, set up a cool \$400,000 asking their patients to HELP US HELP YOU in a campaign for higher medical fees.

Less than a decade ago, labor advertising consisted of little more than union bulletins and waded hand-drawn placards on the picket line. Now unions, unhappy with their public profile and distrustful of the traditional news media, are attempting to keep pace with corporations using image-building ads. B.C.'s wealthy unions have been the prime movers in labor's advertising push. "Some newspaper staff have been close back east," says S.C. Federation of Labor Communications Director Tom Fawkes, "but we've regional sense of community into it, as the product can compete with the employers in every way." Now the use of ads is spreading, particularly through national unions such as CUPE. Dennis McGaugh, public relations officer at CUPE's Ottawa office, observes, "We have found if we start advertising just before a strike it tends to shorten or avert it."



Michael Morgan (above): Founder of a blossoming labor ad agency. Appeals to B.C. doctors (right) and CUPE workers (below).

JUSTICE.



In early 1988, the labor ad market had expanded enough to spark the formation of a labor ad agency, Michael Morgan and Associates in Vancouver, which now does 60 per cent of its business with unions. Morgan's clients range from the 3,000-member Canadian Alfred Manufacturers' Wholesale and Retail Union to a couple thousand of CUPE. "Generally the public doesn't support strikes because of the inconvenience," says Morgan, himself a former labor organizer. "We're providing information through advertising. We're lobbying the public for their support."

That objective will be reinforced this weekend (23 and 24) when the Canadian Association of Labor Media meets in Ottawa to discuss the electronic media and its use in advertising.

Fawkes has been aware of the possibilities for years. "Advertising is a necessity for two reasons," he says. "First, it clarifies issues. Second and equally important, it builds morale." It's also used to deflect bad publicity as in the case of Ontario doctors. The Ontario Medical Association has recently hired an advertising firm, Vickers & Benson Ltd., to design a campaign that attacks government's under-financing of the Ontario Health Insurance Plan and turn the public's attention away from doctors opting out of the plan.

Farthest from the advertising effects, and is intended to affect, are those that just the public. Dennis McGaugh admits, "We want to encourage pressure on politicians." The use of some ad campaigns—during contract negotiations—suggests management is meant to have a taste as well. In Saskatoon recently, the city was so angered by CUPE radio



Help us & help you

ads during negotiations, which said "CUPE elected women are being paid less than other employees just because they're women," that it threatened to sue. And the union rank and file is not always happy with the new publicity. One striking TWU worker grumbles at the union spending \$20,000 worth of dues. "There's more important things to do with your money when your membership is on strike."

Simon Fraser University's co-ordinator for labor education, Olive Lyle, has a wait-and-see attitude about the union's success with the media. "I would expect a limited effectiveness in the short run, but there could be an influence upon public opinion in the long run." Labor's professional歷歷, meanwhile, are pushing ahead. Fawkes is bullish on labor's advertising future. "There will be more of it and I'd like to see to get more into television." It looks as if unions will be seeing more well-versed workers' faces popping up between the soap commercials and press hawkers, not just at contract negotiations, but just about year-round. □

For the record

JOURNEYS TO GLORY
Spudsy's Ballet
(Capitol)

Sprung from the alternative night club scene in London, this five-year-old band has been at the forefront of a fashion movement most often bypassed at "the new renaissance." So much has been made of the way they look that the way Spuds' Ballet sounds could easily have been disappointing. But, dazed and slightly disheveled, they also make music that is irresistibly danceable. Trademarked by heavy percussion and synthesizers, the music, however, would not be so engaging without Tony Flatley's characteristic vocals. He sings like a desperate lark and leads the rock bottom of each song as *Mosholom* and *To Out a Long Story* do their appropriately spit-truth.

DRASTIC MEASURES
Dol' Bella
(Capitol)

While there is something altogether too-as-distant about Dol' Bella's azy manorism, the duo have a raw, powerful



Dol' Bella
Spuds' Ballet

voice, looks and no shortage of nerve. She should be a sensation, but, and this is a regret-filled "but," this album, her third, doesn't come close. Accompanied by an excess of rock guitars, she carries herself away on an forgettable tune after another, sacrificing melody and mood to tame congealed ideas that rock music need always be abrasive. As a lyricist, Dol' Bella shows a forgoing sense for effect. "Bulging the hook that broke the neutral ground." What does it mean? Moreover, there is no need for her to prove how creative she is by doing nothing but original compositions. Judging by the photograph on the back of the album, if Dol' Bella really wants

to assert herself, she should call her marketing agent to take a walk next time so much blather is suggested. By nature, she has far enough chutzpah that she doesn't have to try so hard. The same goes for her voice.

DEDICATION
Gary U.S. Bonds
(Capitol)

The much talk about his hits in the '60s and about assistance from Bruce Springsteen and Mavis Staples, Van Zandt makes Bonds seem like a rock star in need of charity. Nothing could be more untrue. This album, in fact, marks the triumphant return of a sassy, emotion-filled voice that knows no stops and has few peers. As a singer, Bonds also has the stamina not to be overwhelmed by the avalanche of horns typical of Springsteen/Van Zandt productions. Here are three Springsteen compositions, one by Van Zandt, and covers of the Beatles' *It's Only Love* and Bruce Brown's *The Preacher*. Bonds dances out lots of heart and head without becoming caustic. His phrasing is so right that even songs that could be slightly sentimental, such as *Daddy's Come Home* and *Just Like a Child*, ring with truth and decency. —DAVID LIVINGSTON

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special occasions.



BOOKS

Tale in a brutal tradition

PRISONER WITHOUT A NAME,
CELL WITHOUT A NUMBER
by Jacob Timmerman
(Harcourt House, \$12.50)

Argentina, April 1977. Jacobs Timmerman, editor of the Buenos Aires newspaper *Lo Opinan*, is kidnapped from his home. The kidnapping is standard 20th-century: same 20 or so civilians with guns, a bloodied, handicapped victim thrown on the face of his car and taken to a secret location. Then standard issues arise: no family, no news, the captives are acting under orders from an Argentine army unit. The presumed chief of police who first interrogates Timmerman, "including" the kidnapping as an arm, is the president of Argentina, General Leopoldo Galtieri. Timmerman dies in his own arms by his own hand as a result. What is not known is Timmerman's life: from his days in the Nazi army and holding him in their discovery that he is a Jew; a series of shadowy details of the worldwide Jewish conspiracy. After 30 months of detention, including three months of horrible torture, Timmerman is released and deported to Israel: thanks to a worldwide protest.

Why Argentina turned into the lair of the Western world is a subject for future historians. Writers such as Jorge Bergoglio and V.S. Naipaul have speculated that Argentina, one of the richest and most equitable—in terms of distribution of wealth—of all Latin American countries, lacked institutions of its own to command the local polity. In their analysis, Argentina is a society inhabited by people on, as it were, transvestite, reflecting robes on the way to somewhere else. But if understanding why Argentina is enveloped in black madness is difficult, understanding what it has become is quite simple. It is as if every hideous fringe group of post-war North America—the Ku Klux Klan, the Skinheads, the Black Panthers, the Amigos and the Western Guard—had each become a significant political armed force hellbent on capturing the nation. Today a military junta rules over a country in which political parties are officially banned. Still, left-wing Peronists dominate right-wing party members, businesspeople pay protection money to Thataloyan and friends. Virtually every political institution in the country, from the army to major political parties, has its rival factions, complete with its own death squads.

In this nightmare a handful of red-

erate democrats—some marginally in the right such as a few Catholic priests, and some marginally on the left such as publisher-editor Timmerman—speak out uncompromisingly against all the fascists, left-wing, right-wing, similar, religious, civilian and military. But speak out is all they can do, moderate have no death squads or bombs. As a result, Timmerman ended up in the afterworld of electric shocks and beatings. An astoundingly brave man, he remained a puzzle to his extreme right-wing captors. They could not understand how the same man whose published facts of left-wing garni-

Timmerman, death squads and torture



bering them as fascists could the very next day publish a similar list of right-wing murderers and their victims. In the end they solved the riddle through their deep-seated anti-Semitic Timmerman was an agent of Zaire, bent on world domination who presented the evidence of left-wing terrorism merely to confuse.

Timmerman's story, well-written, both horrifying and bizarre in its revelations of Argentinean anarchy, illustrates the central dilemma facing the West. It redounds what is by now understood: no positive political system of the extreme left or right can offer human beings any degree of stability, prosperity and justice. Only an Western liberal democracy, informed by many strands of thought including the best ideals of socialism, religion, free enterprise and the heritage of

Western liberalism and conservatism, can do so. Outside this system—at present—there is nothing but darkness and the gnawing of teeth. But knowing this is no answer to the question of how a moderate society, with its inherent belief in all the ideals that make it what it is, can defend itself against a cause-and-a-half onslaught of religious fanatics. Democracy, parliamentarian debate or robust Timmerman's editorial stance won't help.

Timmerman's book provides no answer to this dilemma. But he differs from his North American liberal contemporaries in one significant aspect. He is not afraid to put Castro, Cuba, Brezhnev's Soviet Union, Maoist China or contemporary China together in a league where they all belong—sores of mankind. The importance of the Argentines he shows us lies in an illustration of the fate awaiting us should we lose faith in the superiority of our Western institutions and call as other the Western Guard to defend us from the Soviets for a Democratic Society or the one to defend us from the Western Guard.

"I know there ought to be a message in this conclusion," writes Timmerman. "But that would be a way of putting a concluding period on a typical story in this century. In my story, I have no concluding period. I hope too that the Argentine nation will not cease to soap for its sins, because throughout its often brutal history, it has remained loyal to its traditions. I know that it will succeed in eradicating the perversions of every extreme, the cowards of every sector. And it will learn how to be happy." And we can learn how to stay happy by strengthening and reinforcing our traditional institutions and ideals of liberal democracy, rejecting all temptations of quick violent cures for society's ills. If this is Western chauvinism, so be it.

A question of cold blood

HELD THE "BLIND"
REBELLING STORY
by Brian Nokes
(Center & Open Books, \$12.50)

Cheadle has a habit of advertising himself anywhere but on their own turf, and there are few exceptions so poignant as the brief ascendancy of George (Bugs) Banning, fighter ace during the Second World War. Banning was held in the country's greatest sanctuaries, but only after he had been refused entrance to the RAF and was forced to prove his flying skills with the British RAF. His

case serves as a wartime corollary to the law of Canadian show business: to make a splash at home, you must make waves in New York or L.A.

Born in Montreal's working-class district of Verdun, Bowering found his glory in the skies over Malta, where he shot down 28 enemy planes in just 34 days. His war ended abruptly on St. Valentine's Day, when his plane was shot down over Sicily. Bowering, then 21, was captured and taken to a POW camp in Germany. There he became a "flying doctor" to the British, flying 100 missions to the front. His story is compelling, adventurous. The pilot was famous for his persistence.

Bowering, blowing their brains out



In a series of dubious tactic, a team of 28 Britishers penetrated him with 28 blood-red noses—one for each of his kills that day. After the tour, which established Bowering's legend as a cold-blooded killer, he was finally transferred to the RCAF. There his passion for bombing and his tendency to break flight formation got him into so much trouble that he was relieved from combat before the war was over. In 1948, while on his way to fight for the new state of Israel, Bowering was killed in an unexplained plane crash in Rome. His own conflicting statements still leave it unclear whether he undertook the mission as a spy pilot, a renegade, a double agent or a frustrated pilot.

Brian Nolan's short biography of Bowering is a lucid piece of journalism, although there are moments when the author abruptly breaks formation himself and slams his prose into a lyrical

flow. These eloquent meanderings produce sentences such as, "The ubiquitous flies measured in the hot air, desperate in their search for food." Nolan fortunately confines the bulk of his poetic inclination to a short preface, most of the time he lets the facts create their own images and, unadorned, Bowering's Macbethian King headed him back to Canada to pursue the rule of war bonds. In a series of dubious tactic, a team of 28 Britishers penetrated him with 28 blood-red noses—one for each of his kills that day.

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—B. DEEDEE JOHNSON

Believe it or not

JAZZY

by Margaret Doorekhan
(General Publishing, \$15.95)

At the risk of encouraging Western separation, one might suggest that Alberta Culture's fifth new novelist competition should have looked a bit further. Even better, in a year of lean pickings, it might have been wiser to withhold the prize and wait for another two years to roll round.



Doorekhan: abortion, alcoholism, suicide

As it is, the search ended with Margaret Doorekhan's first novel, *Jassy*, an attempt to reappropriate the raw energy of the 1920s in Western Canada. Leah Land, nicknamed Jassy, is a ramshackle farm kid bent on breaking the rigid authority of her fundamentalist parents. Single-handedly she takes on sex, religion, the big city and the down of the Alberta soil. Skewy drooping tight jeans, cigarettes, swearing and adolescent poetry are the piffballs she flings at her backwoods world of domineering theology until she finds a real weapon: *Exile*, one tall, ruggedly handsome

American citizen, Keith Karling (Hawkeye stereotyping auburn). Two troublemakers in the back 99 and Jassy finds herself having surgery to patch up a gash that resulted from a rather grimy chest injury just before she even saw her new friend. Keith Karling, she exclaims immediately with effing: "I'm so sorry he has a botched abortion." Jassy's parents, Dawson and Alice, and, alone and penniless, she sets off for Edmonton with a cow man on the run from the Mounties and her backwoods childhood.

This is only the first half of the book. There is still the retarded child, the sensitive alcoholic, the phony Indian sage and Jassy's bandanna brother to come—so say nothing of a suicide and some shady dealings with an American oil company. The story just is not believable. And, because Jassy rarely sneaks of flesh and blood, there is a bleakness about the people and places we encounter through her; we simply stop caring. There is something too manipulative and street-smart about the brittle cookie, and there is never any doubt that she will pull through, ruined and healed, perhaps, but always fury enough to escape. A tree growing of age depends not on surviving and surviving but on letting go, seeking order and surviving not just smart but wise.

—CATHERINE HOBBS

Local chatter

COME FROM AWAY

by Joseph Green
Hardcover \$19.95,
soft-cover \$12.95

The most obvious strength of Joseph Green's novel *Come From Away* is its striking use of East Coast vernacular. Setton has the gift of a narrative accent keen as successfully represented in the printed page as it is in this unassuming tale of a boy's coming of age on an Atlantic island.

The book is populated with a crew of dockside old-timers with names like Wall Street Archer, Pee Pee Llewellyn, Ashby the Gasser and Vanya Jordan. Every time one of them opens his mouth—whether cursing a blue streak ("Smotherin'"), sniffed—colored, bald-headed, purple-clipped Christ!—or commenting on the quality of a bottle of rum ("Hollerin' that a brine's breath"), the words are seared in a salty brine. It is almost possible to open *Come From Away* at random and, in a paragraph or two, pick up something of the rich and bawdy tradition of one of Canada's most colorful regions.

On the other hand, the novel's dependence on thick, sometimes endless dia-

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The American
Whiskey
Taste



legue points out its most serious flaw: Stripped of the conversation of its characters, this is a simple story of a young, rather dimwitted boy, Paul, who falls in love for the first time. Carol Linton has come to the island with her parents—her father is bent on modernizing the town's fish plant and replacing the aging fleet of independent boats with larger company vessels—and Paul sees in Carol all the romance and beauty that he envies on the mainland.

There is nothing wrong with a simple story, John Cleaver once said, and that "a good narrative is a rudimentary structure, rather like a limerick." But in the case of *Carrie From Away*, the actual storytelling is an after-thought, and so often unconvincing: that the plot is all but swamped by the elaborate, almost histrionic, characters.

There is too much made of the characters, and not quite enough action on board. Given the initial charm of the teenagers' world off, there is little reason to keep turning the pages.

Joseph Green is the author's pen name. Whether he or she may be, it seems unlikely that *Carrie From Away* is a first novel. In spite of its faults it possesses an obvious sophistication and confidence. Green is capable of landing an image that is startlingly accurate: Paul, for example, becoming aware of Carol's presence, has "a feeling inside his chest as of wings spreading." In a mere few pages, Green can say more about the relationship between a father, mother and son than most authors can in an entire book. Indeed, the entire novel evinces its own confidence again and again, and never quite manages to catch it.

—DAVID MACPHERLANE

MACLEAN'S BEST SELLER LIST

Fiction

1. *Shaken Base*, Chetwynd (3)
2. *Family Secrets*, Gifford (3)
3. *The Ceramic Whistler* (2)
4. *Creditors*, Vidal (2)
5. *MPA*, Dugdale (2)
6. *A Woman Called Scilla*, Garry (2)
7. *Free Fall in Crimson*, MacDonald (2)
8. *Reins*, Cost (2)
9. *Firestarter*, Kline (2)
10. *60 60*, Austin

Nonfiction

1. *Commie*, Brown (2)
2. *The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide*, Bremner (2)
3. *The Clause*, Frost (2)
4. *Male Practice*, Macdonald (2)
5. *Paper Money*, Smith (2)
6. *The Earth's Edge*, Chomsky (2)
7. *Paranoia, Personal and Political*, (2)
8. *How to Make Money*, Garry (2)
9. *The Canadian Caper*, Pollock & Adams (2)
10. *Wealth and Poverty*, Galbraith (2)

(1) Previous best seller

COLUMN

A lesson in oversimplification

Our school system is reducing major moral questions to computer-chip games

By Barbara Amiel

Once when I was being interviewed on CBC's *Country AM*, I saw the almost imperceptible eye-flick that indicated host Norm Perry had received a tip. "Reporters to the rescue," Perry gave me a cheeky grin. "We have just 45 seconds left, Barbara. Could you sum up the problems of the Canadian criminal justice system?" Some problems simply do not lend themselves to lapidary responses. Or multiple-choice items.

Even Cleo and Caesar could not do justice, to an issue such as this, in 45 seconds. The savants of the scientific world can derive us in various ways.

Science has given us a technological world of wonders. Press a button and a microwave oven cooks a roast of beef in 12 minutes. Press a few others and a telephone rings in a zone 32,000 km away. Science can be attained through applied technology without any understanding of its processes. But there is—ahem—no applied technology for the social and ethical sciences. In order to arrive at conclusions about jurisprudence, ethics, morality or human rights, we have to understand a great deal of what lies behind the scenes. We can't button it up. We can't ignore it. We can't ignore it.

Take the most basic of all moral issues: the dangers of child abuse. How much do we know about the dangers of child abuse? Learning is very much such as. Not only in the electronic and print media, where it may not matter as much—but in our schools.

Taking computer-chip mentality in order, however, our current school systems have decided that the most complex questions can be taught through programmed thought. Thus packaged under the modern title of "values education," complete with charts listing the six stages of moral development, students to be shocked off by teachers. Jurisprudence, economics, political science and so on fall under "social studies." Ontario's matrix of education, for example, encourages this achievement as though

teachers and students had a 45-second-to-communicate-on-to-everyone. Consider: Today, a computer, Oracle 10, requires 10 to 15 years to be the equivalent of Orwell's *1984*. Orwell intended his satire to be just that—a parody of the inability of trying to reduce complex thoughts to simple, a world where the Ten Commandments—too difficult for the sharp, keen and delicate to learn by heart—were "reduced to a single mouse named Four legs good, Two legs bad." This is the world of Com-

VALUES



ode Tofis, a world whose terrifying simplifications reduces education to entertainment. On pages 171 and 172 students have charts of a book and a family tree, and are asked to list the "values" of the parents. The question is: are values about the dangers of child abuse? An uneducated family life, may be poorly educated and fears things that are unfamiliar. A tolerant person is usually well-educated, has a happy home life and does not associate with other racial groups or social, racial parties or land. Apart from the snobbish middle-class bias of these charts, the conclusions are simply not true. Just about all members of the human race are apprehensive of the unfamiliar. It is a part of the human condition. God alone knows how the authorities determined that bigots are from lower-class, uneducated, authoritarian backgrounds—unless they did it from watching all the *Family*—because the record of such notorious bigots as the Monks, many of the Grand Wizards of the KKK, not to mention people of the German middle class in the '30s and

'40s, seems to put this in doubt. But then the entire textbook is a compilation of oversimplification and tendentious, fashionable myths.

In a sense it would be reassuring to think that the confusions of *Canada Today*—and the numerous items like it—spring only from some dark plot of Orwell's *1984*. Except Orwell's *1984* was a satire. And while there may be a wisdom of that, the major problem is the assumption that the "good-guys" of moral reasoning can be played down in 45 seconds, or that charts can show the origins of bigotry or tolerance.

A wise society would understand that it is far better not to try to teach jurisprudence or ethics than to simplify them into computer-chip games. It is better not to try discussing constitutional law or social morality at all than to do it on a talk show for 45 seconds with a bright young host or hostess who wouldn't recognize an idea if it fell on them. It is an error to believe that this kind of education, whatever its political bias, does any good. The educated, healthy social and moral instincts of a population informed by tradition and religion are probably preferable to the understandings of pop psychologists and multiple-choice ethics. We can't stop talk shows or a school media狂迷 on discussing morally vexing questions. But we can discourage the teachers and most especially the disseminators of certain complex subjects on such ludicrous levels. To nominate a totally unprepared student to comment on jurisprudence or ethical reasoning for an almost equally unprepared teacher is worse than an exercise in futility. It can only result in almost ensured—a frightful mistake. A perfect example occurred when Ontario's minister of education, Betty St. John, took to CBC's *The National* to announce Ontario's commitment to values education. Said St. John to a charmed interviewer: "Can you imagine teaching English without making value judgments?" *Can history? And what about mathematics?* *Top Five legs good. Two legs—yes guessed it—bad.*



Separating the farce from the froth

TONS OF MONEY

By Will Evans and Valentine
Directed by Derek Goldby

THE SUICIDE

By Nikolai Erdman
Directed by Stephen Kite

Apparently embarrassed by the macro-thin excuse for a play that director Derek Goldby has artfully pressure-cooked into a maddening farce, the Shaw Festival has provided notes on the history and meaning of farce for the education of the press corps attending *Tons of Money*. It turns out that farce has "an underlying thread of violence," "can be a peccant influence of sexual nature," and should be played on the "thin line which separates humor and tragedy." Someone got their plays crossed: these comments might apply to *The Suicide* (even though that production does not fully illuminate the connections), but they are completely irrelevant to *Tons of Money*.

Point? You must be joking. This is party-crash-a-rita country, where overdriven bank accounts are shelved on stiff blue paper lips and style is all Time-honored ingredients: finance, powerfully death-faked to mask us in a massive will, dimensionless soul, scheming by the better and wiser, and bewigged, bearded, bearded, bearded. No matter. Nikolai Erdman's God's gift to Chekhov, in costume, replaces his classic one-man show, *Chapaev*, as the evening has its eccentric ornaments, and the encounters between Lawrence's backstage boy and his brother (Clarry MacGregor) are about lessons in split-second nerve lighting. Unfortunately, this "great Alibey farce" doesn't provide enough of the dust and screech strikes necessary for roundabout farce comedy, so talented comedians such as Robie Craig and Wendy Thaler are driven to mimic wagging in order to sustain audience interest during vast expanses of wretched monologue. Goldby has directed with his usual precision, inventiveness and boundless energy, but was it really worth the trouble?

The Suicide, written by Russian playwright Nikolai Erdman in 1908 and banned by Stalin, is worth the effort. A farce (that) begins totalitarianism to put on a human face. The Shander examines the individual trapped in the absurdities of a machine system with insight and pathos. However, despite director Stephen Kite's imaginative touches, the play's rough-hewn topography has



Thaler (left), Gillies and Lambert (right): precision in a macro-thin play



Michael Ball (left) and Gillies: a needlessly paced two-hour one-liner

been flattened by too many high jinks and a frantic pace which transforms this potentially moving black comedy into a two-hour one-liner.

Andrew Gillies displays great comic veritas as Shanyon, the world-be-seduced posturing by representatives of various lobby groups from both here to intergalactic who want him to write a manifesto he claims he died for three. He has final plan to the authorities to be granted only "the right to whisper" becomes overdriven and hollow, without prior evidence substantiating the mystery of his condition and the grinding contradictions of Stalinist policy.

the assortment is laughable and unsatisfying.

The opening is shaming. Semyon is jolted out of sleep into a nightmare of a set with seven doors all in a row flanked by two grey apparitions and covered with a gold statue featuring a fallen man. He wakes from his involuntary napkin but the dozing of time generated at the moment and others like it never survives the production's instant cameo onslaught. The spirited attack includes wretched caustics from Irene Hagen as Semyon's mother-in-law, who tries to short his sexual tendencies with blithely drabban war stories, and Stephen Quinnett as an earnest proletarian amateur speculating in peeping through bathroom peepholes "from a Marxist point of view." As Semyon's wife, Robie Craig deserves better than to wallow all evening, thoroughly irritating both cast and audience. The pointed anti-rationalism is both the acting and the bairns at paradoxically undermine the farce gone, which seems to thrive on stretching the suspension of belief to its outer limits without quite going beyond them.

The program notes to *The Suicide* also stress the ownership of Erdman's play and his subsequent persecution, and the festival in a whole is in danger of over-explaining its product and misdirecting audience expectations. It might be wiser policy to let audiences draw their own conclusions with more substance on the stage and less on the page. —MARK CLARENCE

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If he had a hammer

Never sack a minister; that would question the wisdom of the appointment

By Allan Fotheringham

THE main problem with the Trudeau cabinet—aside from its hideously mediocre, all lack of strong figures, and漫不经心的, somewhat bashed-up style—is that all the members are in the wrong portfolios. These vice-ministers are in meat-and-potato ministries. Heavy-handed rustics fumble delicate departments. Men who don't like women are put in charge of areas concerning all women. Pierre Elliott Trudeau has spent

as much of his life tending the fertile garden of his own creation that he is in fact a luxury badge of talent in others. How can one who has spent a lifetime gauging in the reverse of his intellect have had the time (let alone the interest) to gauge the measures of others? It is why this man, for all his formidable individual gifts, has produced such curiously pedestrian policies since those heady days of 1968, when so many bright men were attracted to his cause and have since gradually drifted away so that he is now surrounded only by the lung, the hilt and the bland, leaving his star alone to shine in the firmness. The word around Ottawa is that the minister's break with the cabinet shuffle with the finance minister—who, strangely enough, almost never sacks a minister, that would never question the wisdom of the choice in the first place—remarries the fawn. The putting were easier on the choice. Here is what he would do if he were ever sacked:

Mark Lalonde, the energy minister who is as innovative in the West as some of the cornfields ministers in British Columbia are to Quebec, needs a reassessment of his horsepower. Lalonde, as David Goodis says, would pack a light on the way to church. However, he has one redeeming feature. Marc Lalonde genuinely likes women. For years, any male with a seven-mass of the Ottawa blache has known the remedy: just drop around to Lalonde's office—whatever portfolio he's in—and

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unvariably it is filled with the liveliest, most stimulating individuals. The obvious solution to his Lalonde should be put in charge of the Status of Women. He would find, in his great surprise, that Alberta actually has women who speak differently from those in the rest of the population.

Alan MacEachern, we feel, has been unfairly maligned. The brooding, sullen minister, to be honest, can't be blamed for our economic woes. He didn't invent inflation. He didn't do

anybody any harm with the policies of the Trudeau and now only refresh themselves by regarding the nature of Peter Lougheed's portfolio, with all those abhorrible salt flats and bottoms of wheat before him. He likes to talk. Put him in Culture or to replace Pierre Fox, who can't talk.

Fox, the hideously Rhodesian-faced Quebecer, goes to Fisheries. Let him sink or swim. It will help his government.

Walter Gordon would be brought back into the cabinet, now that the Liberals are adopting all the policies that were the reason they drove him out of the inner circle.

Jean Chretien is Justice. It is a tough one. Since he is spending practically all his time these days figuring out how to be the next leader (and since he's worked hard on the constitution marathon), a special portfolio would be devised for him. Secretary of State in Charge of Figuring Out How To Be the Next Leader.

John Roberts looks as uncomfortable in these top waders pretending to be concerned about steel rats. John also wants to be leader and is aware of the fallout from elegant dinner parties. He would go to Agriculture and fisheries. Top waders could wear elegant dinner hats.

Gilles Lamontagne, the finance minister, is a natural for Finance, where he could defend the dollar, which is about the same shape as the P-11.

Don Comeau would be brought back into cabinet, mainly because she's the only one with as much hair as Lloyd Axworthy. Lloyd would go to a newly created portfolio tentatively named Shell Shock, where he will emerge wearing a crew cut in hopes of initiating a new career.

Herb Gray, who wants to be leader as much as he has grown out his crew cut in a desperate attempt at transience, would go to Northern Affairs, to consolidate the Eskimo vote at the convention.

John Munro, the only man to make a bathtub an offensive weapon, would naturally shift to Defense.

The prime minister has never ignored my advice before.



over unemployment. He didn't avoid high interest rates. He hasn't done anything.

Roger Welsch is innocent also. The blustery talking agriculture minister is a good horse with a mounting problem. However, when his increasingly barefaced campaign opened a leadership bid, External Affairs has natural mines. Canada for core represented abroad, in the eminences, by someone who is truly representative of all that is great about Canada: fit, dressed, strong and speaking neither of the two official languages. Foreigners would praise us for our honesty.

Robert Kaplan, the current minister of agriculture, is obviously in the wrong place. The right place would be as a director of a summer camp. In charge of volleyball, on Toronto Island.

Jean-Luc Péladeau, the post currently in charge of leisure, would be the most happy man in Ottawa at a change. These who still doubt the eminence



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